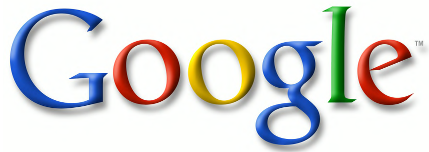

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HARRY O'REARDON.

HARRY O'REARDON,

OR,

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

BY

MRS. S. C. HALL,

AUTHOR OF THE "OUTLAW," &c. &c.

PHILADELPHIA:

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HARRY O'REARDON;

OR

ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH PRIDE.

PART I.

It is lucky for me that I was not born of that sex which is acknowledged as pre-eminent in the creation. Had I been one of the dignitaries of human nature, I should not have *dared* to hazard an opinion upon Irish pride, unless, indeed, I was tired of existence, and willing to submit myself to the laws of honour: so that my life might be "honourably" disposed of—a sacrifice to appease the exceeding wrath which the bare mention of such a subject is likely to excite amongst my countrymen. I have angered them a little, now and then, by telling the simple truth, without reference to *party*, which, I am happy to have an opportunity of repeating, I totally disclaim. I have vexed a few by stating the truth; but the truths I have hitherto told have been

rational, not *laughable* ones. An Irishman will forgive you for reasoning with him, *provided* it is not after dinner; but I doubt if his philosophy will extend so far as to forgive even a lady for *laughing* at him. When I call to mind the difficulties and absurdities into which pride has drawn my countryfolk, I do not know whether I ought not to weep instead of laugh. The tear and the smile, as regards Ireland, seem really twin-born: the one invariably accompanies the other. Like its native music, the feeling it excites is of mingled joy and gloom.

Pride has always appeared to me to flow through Irish veins (without any reference to the situation of the individual,) as naturally as the blood itself. In England there are distinctions in pride—the aristocracy are proud of their birth, the citizens of their wealth, the artisans of their trade. But in Ireland, pride has but one boast, commencing with "illustrious descent," and ending in "dacent people." Honesty, sobriety, industry, independence, are all as dust in the balance in comparison with this destructive pride; and a "born gentleman," though the youngest son of a youngest son, without a single *sous*, even now, would blush at connecting himself with commerce.

I remember being greatly amused by a country glover saying to me, while national energy danced merrily in his eyes, "It isn't the sewing with which I stitches together the skins of the poor dumb bastes, that I prides myself on—No, no; I've something, God be praised! *better nor that to look up to*, poor as I am: the blood of the O'Neils goes fair and softly through every vein in my body."

"Indeed!" I replied; "then how came you to be a glover?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, misfortunes 'll come upon the best of us. My father (God be good to him!) wouldn't *demane* himself with trade, but died daçent: for though he had nothing to live upon, he left enough to bury him, and what's more, he left me *a copy of the coat of arms* of the O'Neils, which James Mulvany painted for him long ever ago, *on the back of his own door*. And when my mother (she was from the North) put it to me how her father's brother would give me a trade, why, I looked, you know, to the credit *of my people*, and tould her 'No.' 'And then,' says she, (she was a knowing woman,) 'hould up your head,

my boy,' she says, 'what would hinder you from taking up with the sign of your family for a trade?' and she turned round the room door, and sure enough there were two lions painted, *foranent* each other—a fish at the bottom, and above the fish, an open glove. 'The fish, if it has any sense in it,' says she, 'means fishermen—and the glove, what can it mean? Sure, if there wasn't glovers, there'd be no gloves.' 'My uncle's a glover, Ben,' says she, 'and a glove's the sign of the family; so be a glover, like a good boy; and believe your mother when she tells you, that to take their sign for a business can't be no disgrace—sure it's the only trade in the world I'd wish to see you turn to;' so you mind, ma'am, it's on account *of my family* I'm pleased, not on account of the praise the ladies (God bless 'em) gives to the gloves."

Poor Ben! His mother, I suspect, had the sense of the family. Perhaps my English readers do not know that the North of Ireland is a trading, and consequently a prosperous, part of the country; but it is curious to observe the contempt with which the inhabitants of the other districts generally treat their commercial neighbours. How ridiculous it

would appear to us, in England, to hear a tradesman expatiating on his connection with the aristocracy, in any other way than in the way of business!

If this pride of family elevated the minds of its possessors—if it led them to that sort of exertion which produces independence—if it made them incapable of a careless or dishonest action—then perhaps I would call it a pardonable failing—a weakness, which ought to be forgiven for its fruit's sake. The pride of ancestry may deserve to be considered a noble pride, when it stimulates to exertion, and animates to virtue. But unhappily, in Ireland, it rises trumpet-tongued against every species of employment inconsistent with the memories of the O'Blaneys, O'Rourkes, Mac Murraghs, Mac Carthys, O'Briens, or O'Tooles—nay, persons who have no earthly connection with those illustrious departed make unto themselves a spurious "*dacency*," as they call it, which is provoking from its very absurdity.

A friend of mine had some time ago an English housemaid, and an Irish cook, both young women: the English girl was the very model of what an English servant ought to be—neat, cheerful, orderly, clean, good-tempered, thoughtful, and attentive:

it was pleasant to meet her on the stairs with her snowy duster, her broad-sweeping brush that looked as well regulated as if it had never disturbed a spider, her bright tin dust-pan, her fair shining hair, braided across her forehead to hide the curl-papers which were destined to confine her tresses till the evening, her sliding curtsey as she poised herself on one foot that you might pass with ease, the graceful manner in which she balanced her brush and held her dust-pan, her sweet smile that seemed to say "What can I do to please you, lady?" were delightful; and yet she looked so in keeping with her occupation, that in nothing would her mistress have had Lucy Bramer altered.

Betsey French was most amusingly different. Lucy was pretty and *petite*, Betsey was handsome, and of Patagonian proportions; Lucy's voice was soft and stealing, Betsey's tones were broad and shrill; Lucy's hair was golden, not red, but golden; Betsey's was black as the raven's wing; Betsey's mirth was boisterous, she was in and out of a passion at least ten times a-day—her attentions bordered upon freedoms, she had abundant talents, but no tact—she was a superior cook, yet her dinners never seemed well set upon the dishes, the joints

were invariably put the wrong way, and the gravies, soups, and jellies overflowing—no two servants could be more different, although they were attached to each other; Lucy was as neat in her person in the morning as in the afternoon—but Betsey's shoes were down at heel, her kerchief off one shoulder and dragged on the other, and her apron stringless, until past six, then indeed she made her appearance like a full-blown peony—red ribands in her cap, and a bright green gown, with sundry flounces gracing its concluding hem.

I never could make out exactly how it was, but pretty Lucy Bramer—Lucy! who might have sat to Miss Mitford as a pattern-servant, for one of her inimitable sketches, the modest down-eyed Lucy, had a lover—an absolute lover of flesh and blood—a living lover, in the person of a handsome coachman, who had evidently won Lucy's heart by a flourish of his whip, and rode post through it after paying as toll the affections of his own. The wedding-day was fixed, Lucy was sitting at the long table, cutting and snipping a certain quantity of white sattin riband, when Betsey, who had been polishing the *outside* of a tin kettle, (the generality of Irish servants—aye, and many English ones too,

do not trouble themselves about the *inside*,) said, "Why then, Lucy, honey, is the *license* bought yet?"

"The what?" in her turn, inquired Lucy.

"The license, to be sure," repeated Betsey.

"Why, Betsey—you do not suppose Edmund is going to be such a fool as to throw away his money on a *license?* Of course we shall be married by bans—we have been out-asked this month!"

Betsey laid the bit of black leather on one side, and the bit of what she called "whitening" on the other side of the tin kettle, and clapping her hands together, "to bang the dirt out of them," looked steadily in Lucy's face.

"Didn't you tell me that both Edmund and yourself had saved a big trifle of money, enough to furnish two rooms, and keep you *from eating herrings' tails* for many a day?"

"Yes," replied Lucy; "but what has that to do with the license?"

"And a dacent girl like yerself tells me you're not to have a license?"

"To be sure—do you not think we shall find other employment for our money?"

"And do you mean *that* one wedding to last you your life?"

"Please God!" replied the pretty housemaid.

"Yet you'd have no license, but be married by beggarly bans! Well, the back of my hand to you, England! afther that!—a dacent girl like Lucy Bramer to put up with bans! Well, afther that! Sure it's wonderful you don't seek out a couple-beggar, and get married like the heathens in the time of Nebecudnazar! No license! and enough money stowed by, in the savings—bank, to furnish two rooms!—and to put up with bans! as if you hadn't a taster* nor a groat in the world! Well, thank God, I've a pride above that. If I was going to be married, every rag of clothes I have should go, or I'd be married dacent!"

"That would not be the way to be decently married," said Lucy, quietly—"to have no clothes to be married in."

"Oh the meanness of them English," persisted Betsey, "to think that even for onct in their lives the spirit can't get into them!—the tame negurs! Oh, Lucy! and to think about furnishing! Why, in Ireland, we give all honour and glory to the

* Sixpence.

wedding and the priest, and think as it is but to be done onct it ought to be done dacent. Oh, *what signifies the hardship afther,* if you have showed *that the good drop stops with the family!*"

Lucy looked perplexed.

"If you show that it isn't the money you care for—" persisted Betsey——

"But I *do* care for the money," replied the expectant bride; "I worked hard for it, and I assure you, Betsey, I have as great a desire to be 'decent' as you—only I think our ideas of what decency is differ. Who knows when I go in or come out of church whether I have been married by bans or license; or if they did, what does it signify?"

"I'm ashamed of you, Lucy Bramer, that's what I am!" exclained Betsey, more enraged than ever; "and I tell you what, you have no regard for your family."

"Indeed but I have; I supported my dear mother till her death, and never would have married had she lived."

"I know you have a *good heart* towards every-one belonging to you," replied Betsey, moved, for tears had risen to Lucy's eyes; "but I mean you have no regard for the pride of your family."

"My father was only a tailor," replied Lucy, meekly; "so I have only the honest name he left to be proud of, and being married by license would not support that!"

Betsey gave Lucy two looks of contempt, which she did not see, for she had been shaping the end of the riband into a heart; one disparaging look was for the tailor, another for Lucy's mean spirit. She paused a moment, and then tossing her head as if it had been already crowned with the crimson ribands said, "Well, Lucy, you must excuse my being bride's maid, that's all; for, though other people havn't no fathers, nor people of their own, I'm not so, thank God; and I'll never be *tail* to a wedding that hasn't got no license!"

"If your honor plases," said a poor woman, whose plebian name of Oran had nothing illustrious in its sound or connection, "my daughter *wouldn't mind* taking a sarvice in England, though she would not like to do it here, *because of her people.*"

"Well! if her people (*Anglicè, relations*) do not like her to go to service, let them support her; or, at all events, give her a sufficient quantity of clothes to shield her from the inclemency of the weather."

"Oh, your honor! sure as to the bit and the sup, me and mine could have it from them for ever; but where would they have clothes for all belonging to them? where would they get them?"

"Then why not send her where she could earn them? there are plenty of farmers, respectable farmers, who would be pleased to take your daughter into their service."

"But, don't you see, her people? sure they'd look down upon her—all dacent—keeping their bits of walls over their heads, and their own cow and pig, and the likes of that; not one of their breed at sarvice; but she has a turn that way, and if she was out of the country, why then *nobody would know it.*"

Here was a woman—a widow with five children, living almost on charity, and yet indisposed to send her daughter—a nice-looking, cheerful, healthy, and I do believe, industrious girl, to service, because her relations were what in Ireland are called "small farmers." This is but one instance out of twenty that came under my own observation, not six months ago, of a similar indisposition to exertion, *not from idleness*, but from a dislike to what, in their opinion, would lower "their family pride." The results of

this failing are, as I have observed, sometimes of a laughable, but more frequently of a melancholy nature. I could not look round upon the domestic circle of some whom I both love and respect, without feeling my heart sink at the gloomy prospect of griefs, troubles, and privations which I know future years must bring to many a bright eye and many a blushing cheek among them.

A family of six, eight, or ten young people, brought up in the careless and rude plenty of Irish hospitality, beloved by their parents, indulged, as children of abundance invariably are, never thinking of the future; the naturally fine capabilities of the females, cultivated to the point that is conceived necessary, as most attractive; knowing a little of everything, but nothing well—the girls, kind, affectionate, good-natured, to an extent never met with in an English family; but thoughtless, untidy, and extravagant to a degree equally unknown in this well-regulated country. The sons, growing up —most wonderful politicians!—exulting either in the full-blown honours of the Orange, or elevating the cap of liberty, with its shamrock garland, upon the longest rifle in the land; ready to cut each others' throats for the sake of party or of pride;

but not at all prepared to make any *personal* sacrifice for the good of their common country!—the most party-loving, but the most unpatriotic youths on earth: they fish and shoot, and lounge; and (barring the politics) are the most obliging, attentive, and, generally speaking, well-informed fellows in the world! Yet, what are their prospects? The father of the family possesses, probably a limited, certainly an embarrassed income, which, perhaps, living in Ireland, he can neither extricate nor increase. Perhaps, also, one or two of his daughters marry, the rest live at home, adding to their father's embarrassments, or spend six months here, six months there, amongst their friends; indulging in a species of *decent* beggary, which *the proud* in Ireland do not disdain.

In England, under such circumstances, those young ladies would have depended, after a certain age, on their own resources. If their father were rich, and their allotted fortunes ready, they would remain together; but, if he was embarrassed!—thank God!—an English woman's pride is in the discharge of her duty!—She might feel sorry for the necessity which rendered it incumbent on her to procure employment for the talents with which

she had hoped to enliven her beloved home; but this sorrow would only stimulate her exertions, nor would she lose caste by such conduct; on the contrary, she would be the more respected.

As to the sons! But a short dialogue between an English and an Irish gentleman will at once illustrate my meaning.

"Your eldest son, of course, will succeed to the estate; but I wonder you did not think of some profession for him: our properties are of the same amount, and we have the same number of children; but my eldest son has just entered the Middle Temple."

"Ah! Charles has left college, and none of the elder sons of my family have ever had a profession."

"What will you do with Alfred?"

"Why, Alfred was intended for the army; but at present, it is absolute madness to think of it; so poor Alfred is obliged to wait at home for a war."

The English gentleman did not see *the necessity* of Alfred's *waiting* at home, on the chance of a disagreement amongst our foreign allies; but he did not care to say so, and inquired what was to be done with Robert.

"Oh, Robert is so steady, so very steady, in fact, that we always designed him for the church; he passed through college with great eclat, and now is only waiting for a title to orders."

"But, my dear friend, could not Robert take pupils?—many young gentlemen in England, and some here, I am happy to observe, are able to support themselves by such praiseworthy exertions."

The colour mounted to the old gentleman's temples, while he replied—

"Yes, but Mrs. Blake's connections are even more high than mine; Robert did wish to do something of the kind, but his mother—you know it is a national feeling, that those of ancient family do not exactly like to enter into that species of occupation which would create a coolness between them and their powerful relations; and Mrs. Blake's second cousin is Bishop of ——; when *he* provides for one or two more immediate connections, I make no doubt he will think of Robert!"

"So upon the chance of the Bishop's thinking of him Master Robert was to exist!"

"But there is another, a singularly fine boy," persisted the English gentleman—"almost a young man—what is he intended for?"

"Oh, Edward—Edward is the youngest, and was always passionately attached to the sea. Mrs. Blake's brother died an admiral; and Edward, when, a tiny fellow, used to say he would be an admiral also; but Mrs. Blake did not like the idea of her pet boy roughing it amongst the midshipmen of a ship, to which he might have been appointed, because there were one or two youths on board, lads of such exceptionable characters *as to descent*, that she feared his making low connections—the time passed on, and he is now too old, and the power of the old families is decaying fast; and unless he entered the merchant service (which would break his mother's heart), I really do not see what we shall do with him; for his heart is on the waves, he is everlastingly boating, and is beloved by the whole country."

And so he was, poor fellow! he was so handsome, so generous, so affectionate; but they may mourn him now, for he is dead!—drowned!—nobody knows how—in the clear sunny lake of his father's wild and beautiful park. He who might have revived the declining honours of his house—a noble, brave boy—his restless and impatient spirit struggled between obedience to the pride and folly

of his mother, and that eager longing after activity and distinction which spurs our natures on to immortality. Poor Edward Blake! I never hear "the blood of the Blakes" boasted of, without thinking of the pure rich current which perished in his veins!

It is much easier to perceive a fault than to suggest its remedy. The extravagant pride which flourished in Ireland some forty years ago, with a luxuriance it would be difficult to imagine now, has been very much shorn of its full proportions; time and circumstances have destroyed it in a great degree. A more extended knowledge of the world in general, and the English world in particular, has made its way into the wilds of Kerry and the fastnesses of Connamara. Many have been brought to see the absurdity of such extravagant pride, and its unfitness for the present state of things; others, whose forefathers possessed the land for centuries, have been swept as by a pestilence from the country. I have listened for names which my mother has said were familiar to her as household words, but they were nowhere spoken; the old men of whom I heard so frequently, died proudly and silently within the crumbling halls or castles of their ancestors; their graves had been closed by

grey-headed and humble friends, who considered service rendered to "an ould ancient family" as sacred and obligatory as a religious duty; and if they left children, they are only to be found amongst the troops, or in the forests of foreign lands.

I noted these things, and I found how bitterly pride had cursed my native country. There are other curses dark and heavy, resting on its devoted head; but surely the principle which cramps exertion must be one of the most dangerous for a land united as Ireland is to another, where enterprise and energy turn what it touches into gold.

The contrast between the two islands is almost agonising; yet the casual traveller sees little of it. The genuine hospitality of the inhabitants—the unhappy talent they possess for keeping up appearances—their gay and cheerful manners—are all calculated to mislead those who have not resided amongst them. The feeling extends from the lady of the house to the slattern in the kitchen—everything puts on its finery "*for the credit of the family.*" No matter how great is the extent of pecuniary embarrassment, nor how increased, as long as it is to be had they will have it, careless of the ruin that must follow.

"What will I do entirely," said an old butler in an old family, which has now no representative, for the only heir was killed in a duel about fifteen years ago, (I have heard that the quarrel originated as to the spelling of a name!) "what will I do? Quality coming down from Dublin, and not a coat to my back!"

"I'd buy a coat out of my own wages rather than wear that," replied the footman of a neighbouring house, where the *ménage* was better.

"I'd do that same if I *had* my wages," replied the old man, "but I've not seen cross or coin of them these three years."

"Then why don't you ask for them, or leave?" inquired the other.

"Where's the good of my asking when I know it's not in it," replied the affectionate creature; "and as to leaving! you know nothing about it—who'd stand up for the credit of the family if I was to leave? I that have been with them so long, and my father before me. No, I've been thinking I'd *borrow* a coat for the time the quality stays; there's ne'er a man on the town-land would refuse me the loan of one *for his honor's credit.*"

But the respectful and attached feeling with

which the poor Irish regarded their superiors is fast declining. They used to be proud, like the old butler, "for his honour's credit;" now they take out a patent for their pride on their own account—the pride is not decreased, but its *object* is changed.

I wish, with all my heart, that I could perceive in the lower classes of the Irish that spirit of independence which renders our English peasants of such blunt stern honesty. Here, the landlord is civil to his tenant—*there*, the tenant used to be servile to his landlord; and still, though he may burn his house or cut his throat *secretly*, to mark his displeasure of his conduct, yet he bears himself when in the presence of his superiors more with the air of a serf than a free man. Despite this serf-like manner, *pride* rankles in the peasant's heart and stirs its blood—if the passion be not exercised *for* his master, it will be exercised *against* him.

When—Murphy I think was his name—the misguided man who murdered Mr. Foote near New Ross, in the county Wexford, was hung, his father, an aged person, was present at the execution. The wretched father never attempted to deny his son's guilt—never thought it worth denying; the murderer had established a pride and a will of his own,

and Mr. Foote's plans interfered with them—the result is but too well known. No tear dimmed the father's eye, nor did he, I was informed, utter a word until the body ceased to move; then turning from the spectacle he exclained, "To think of my losing my beautiful boy for *Ould Foote!*" What pride nestled in that extraordinary observation!

The union of pride and poverty is, I believe, universally acknowledged. The first endeavours to shield the child of its own creating, but its shadow is as the shadow of the poisonous upas tree: the shadow lies heavy upon my poor country.

The upper classes, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, will, I doubt not, in a few years see the absurdity of this passion; and future generations may bear testimony that Irish pride differs in no respect from the proper dignity which calls upon nations and individuals to respect themselves.

But how shall we take from the lower orders, whose names are their only inheritance, the feeling that they are degraded by the occupations which bring prosperity to England? How teach them to feel that beggary is more disgraceful than servitude! Would a judiciously arranged code of poor-laws effect this, as well as other desirable objects?

Certainly, poor-laws, administered as they are in England, would do more harm than good in Ireland; the legislator would do well to take into his consideration the great difference that exists between the two countries; however displeasing may be the fact, I have no hesitation in affirming, that, in point of civilisation, Ireland is at this moment a century behind England. In addition to its poverty, it has a host of prejudices and superstitions to overcome, which are continually drawing it back from improvement, and weighing it down towards destruction. Its children are the children of impulse; a single idea fixes itself upon their imaginations, and from that they act: their powers of comparison are weak, because they are seldom exercised; if the laws are opposed to their prejudices, they rise in arms against them; and if they are framed altogether in accordance with their wishes, they will be any thing but a national benefit. The lower orders of Irish are a difficult class of persons to deal with: those who legislate for them ought to be well acquainted with their modes, their moods, their peculiarities, their virtues, and their vices; and, above all, thoroughly informed as to *their religion*, as it really exists at this moment. I do not

mean so much in theory as in practice. It is wretched to think of the misery to which the old and feeble among the poor are subjected; though it draws forth the virtues of the youthful and the industrious; the aged are burdensome to their children, when in England they would find support from the parish: thus a day-labourer, frequently, has not only the future, but the past generation to support. I remember, some time ago, entering the hovel of a poor man, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny: it was, as is usual in that district, a most miserable dwelling; the thatch overgrown with moss and Scotch grass; there was not so much as a chair to sit on; the noon-day meal of potatoes was thrown from the iron pot into a dish, which was placed upon a stool, nearly in the centre of the room; round this the ragged family crouched, like witches round a cauldron: there were five children; the father, if not bowed down by labour, and the want of proper nourishment, would have been a handsome, fine-looking man, not then more than eight or nine and twenty. The wife had been a lovely girl, but she married him when seventeen, and bestowed five blessings on her husband in six years! At three-and-twenty the blood had curdled

in her cheek, and her blue eyes were bleared from smoke, and often blinded by tears! Yet the smile was fresh and friendly on her lips—the curtsey, and the "kindly welcome" were offered—the children huddled away in a corner—and then it was that the *elders* of the family became visible. In addition to his five little ones, the poor man supported his wife's grandmother, an old crone, arrived at octogenarian dignity; and his own father, who had been bedridden for many years—the "warm corner" was bestowed on the crone, and the straw pallet of the more afflicted father decently covered with both rug and blanket.

This labourer's wages, one month with another, was ten pence a day!—ten pence a day, to feed and clothe nine people! The hovel which they inhabited, and a few perches of land, were rent-free. "But for this," said the young man, "we could not live at all! The woman cuts and sets the potatoes—the children are too soft (young) to put a hand to any thing—*barring their mouths*—but it's God's will to lave us together!"

"And do you not receive some assistance towards the support of these old people."

"Oh! the neighbours are mighty kind; but sure

they're no better off than ourselves—they've their own ould people to look after, for no one breathing could cast away their own flesh and blood—my father and her granny used to go out on the *shoc-harawn* (begging), until they got a-past moving; and the quality was often kind to them."

The withered woman raised her head from the shrivelled bosom on which it had sunk, and there was a passing expression in her eye, lack-lustre though it was, that convinced me her spirit had never been of gentle mood.

"Kind was it of them?" she repeated in a voice of feeble treble—"Oh, mighty kind to be sure! But tell the lady that granny Wade was *no beggar;* she only asked a mite from such as have all now of what those she come from called their own, and thought their own, long ever ago—it wasn't charity she asked, though she travelled far for food! If the devil takes from God's angels what God gave them, isn't it natural for them to try for it? And——"

"Whisht! granny, whisht!" exclaimed her grand-daughter—"I hope you'll excuse her, ma'am dear; she's ould, and feeble in the head, and says things without a meaning; *the pride, ma'am, is strong in her to the last;* and I can't deny that some of 'her people,' as she lets on—long ever ago

—were the heart's blood of the gentry, only I suppose times change, and Loch Valley—"

"Who spakes of Loch Valley?" interrupted the crone.

"Whisht, granny, honey, whisht! here's a taste of beautiful tobaccy for you to warm your heart, and don't be vexing yourself about what's past and gone. What's Loch Valley, or any other valley to us now, barring we'd get a day's work in it, and 'thank yer honor' for that same, to the man that's in it!"

What a strange mingling of pride, poverty, and the most beautiful and truthful filial piety were beneath that wretched roof! How difficult it would be to legislate, kindly and wisely, for such a group! I must not, however, dwell upon incidents, when I have stories to relate, combining the grave and gay, which I hope will not be uninteresting to the English, and, dare I add, *unprofitable* to the Irish reader!

If I have a quick perception of my country's faults, God knows I have a warm heart towards her virtues, and the deepest sympathy with her sorrows.

PART II.

"God bless you and watch over you, my heart's treasure—may the light of heaven rest on you—may the glory of the Lord be about you—may the saints protect you—may He who died for us remember you—may your sins never be heavy on you—may the blessing of the desolate widow (and that's myself) never leave you night or day—sleeping or waking—and may the holy Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give—and that's every thing; for the walls are bare, and the cow's gone dry, and the horse sold, and the bit of land took from us, and soon the mother will have no son to look to for comfort! Oh! Harry, Harry! what will become of me entirely, when I miss your voice, and the sound of your whistle coming over the 'bohreen' before you! and your laugh, my own child! to say nothing of your kiss, that was as blessed to me as holy water!" And in an agony of grief Mrs. O'Reardon covered her face with her hands, and sobbed so that if a heart could break with sobbing, hers would indeed have broken. Do you laugh at the strange words in which Mrs.

O'Reardon expressed her farewell to her only child? Alas! if you do not feel the deep pathos of the widow's adieu, I must despair of making you understand any thing I may write illustrative of Irish character.

I have met but with few "real Irish" who did not, when under the influence of excitement—and that is very frequently the case—use metaphoric language, which, if expressed in good English, would be called poetry; but which, wrapt up as it is in brogue and blunder, seldom excites any thing except laughter. Indeed, a conversation with an Irish peasant always leaves me something to think over. There is an originality, a vigour, and, under their compliments and civility, not unfrequently a lurking sarcasm, illumined by much wit, sparkling like diamonds amongst their rags—that furnishes to those more prone to listen than to converse, material for much earnest and deep reflection. Let us analyze one or two of Mrs. O'Reardon's sentences.

She said to her son, "May your sins never be heavy on you," adding the prayer that "the blessing of the desolate widow *(and that's myself)* may never leave you night or day, sleeping or waking!" How perfect a picture does this present of a mother's anxiety that her child should be sin-

less!—and that her blessing might hover as with angel-wings over her beloved by day and night!—"May the Virgin make up to you what your lone mother has not to give (*and that's every thing*)." Here is contrast! her blessing is full to overflowing, but she is a widow—and "*lone*"—and those who know the state of Irish destitution which the background of the picture exhibits, will understand how natural her prayer is, that the Virgin may make up to poor Harry O'Reardon what his mother has not to give, "*and that's every thing!*"—"The walls are bare, the the cow's gone dry, the horse sold, the bit of land"—returned; and the last of the widow's comforts is about to depart with the child, whom she had hoped would lay her gray head in the grave. How perfectly beautiful is the idea of the sound of the young man's whistle "coming before him!" and yet Margaret O'Reardon would have been puzzled if asked to explain what the word "poetry" signified, though her life had been little more than a dirge!

Harry was a singularly fine-looking man, in a district where beauty was not remarkable, because it was abundant: his was not the vulgar, broad, flat, turned-up sort of countenance, which the English (who, heaven bless them, know as little about Ire-

land as they do about Hanover) call "Irish:" his was the Spanish face, the heritage of the Milesian race; but though the expression of the deep-black eye, and firm-set lip, indicated pride, there was something about the lower portion of the face—the angle of the mouth, perhaps—which betokened, also, much shrewdness and humour. This expression (I am obliged to repeat the word) was not the general one; Harry usually looked like "a rock of sense;" and, poor fellow, he had all his senses perfect, except "common sense." He was industrious, good-tempered, observant, honest, sufficiently attached to his religion to have died for it, if necessary, and though meriting the distinction of a saint, was yet so frequently a slave to his passions, as to be very often a sinner!

I hope I am not about to say—what as a Protestant I ought not to say—but I cannot help admiring the devotion, so earnest and sincere, of the Roman Catholics to their religion. I am not thinking of the Catholics of France, but of the Catholics of Ireland—of the poor Catholics! How warm is their zeal—how perfect their belief—how truly do they confide in their pastors—how ready at all times to lay down their life for what *they consider* truth! Alas! that it is not truth!

I do not strive to convert them to or from any particular creed, but I would gradually inform their minds, and then leave them to choose their own. People can hardly be expected to "gulp down" what they are told is truth, when the new truth (as they consider it) flies in the face of the old truth, in the belief of which they were educated. They are so very far behind England in civilisation—the march of intellect has been so completely *bogged* in its attempts to penetrate into the interior, while impulse, as usual, has flown as high and as wildly as ever—that in no one respect can any comparison be drawn between the two countries. I would fain hope that now, possessing all they have fancied they require, they may be led to feel their *real* wants; though, while I hope the best for those I really love, I bethink me of the red Indians, who, being clothed and educated in the white settlements, still desire the green savannahs of their youth, and return in their *nakedness* to the wild forest-homes of their affections, and to the idolatry of their fathers! Well, if the Indians and the Irish will not be happy in our way, my woman's heart whispers, let them be happy in their own. I remember when I was a child, having a young pigeon and a kitten to rear at the same time, and I would

force meat and milk down the pigeon's throat because it must live like the cat. I had not thought over St. Paul's beautiful expressions relative to the "diversities of gifts," which teach us not to think of our own possessions more highly than we ought to think. Nor did I remember that there is one flesh of birds and another of beasts; but I killed the pretty pigeon. Ever since then, *I leave food of many kinds to my favourites,* but suffer them to take what they like best.

I must however return to Harry O'Reardon. My stories are, I imagine, more attractive than my reasonings.

Harry, as I have intimated, was about to quit his home—perhaps his country—but certainly his home. His father had been a very extensive farmer—almost a gentleman—indeed too much of a gentleman to be a farmer; he was of an old family, and was as proud of his descent as if he had been chieftain of many town-lands. And—the old story over again—he got into debt, and at last into gaol—and he died there; and all the "country" (people) cried shame upon those who put him there, because—(at least I never heard them give any reason for their outcry)—but I suppose it was because of his being one of the last of a race of *squireens*

—a genus that has become extinct since the Union —and consequently entitled to prey upon everybody, though nobody must prey upon them. I must do Harry the justice to say, that the only quality he inherited from his father was pride! He had achieved a character for truth, uprightness, and punctuality in discharging his engagements, that rendered him respected, and in any other country would have made him prosperous. Not that truth, uprightness, and punctuality are not prized in Ireland; but Harry O'Reardon, as I have said, was of an old family, and old families have their retainers, and so Harry was as firmly kept down as if a millstone had been tied about his neck. His father, besides what he rented, possessed more than a hundred acres of his own: those Harry boldly sold, and distributed the money amongst his creditors; then, by degrees, the large farms were given up—nor did he endeavour to intimidate those who took the land, which his own necessities would not permit him to keep; he was too proud for that. "No," he declared boldly "that an O'Reardon had never asked for help, nor never would; and his neighbours declared, that "Masther Harry was mighty high entirely in himself, or he'd be thankful for a faction—not all as one as he was, stiff and stately to

himself, and too grand to be comrade with any one barring his ould mother."

Harry's mind was too highly cast for his society; he afforded shelter, and shared the "bit and the sup" as long as the bit and the sup lasted; he could not endure that his poverty should be known, and yet he could not struggle against it. He thought his former landlord should have understood his character, and offered him a farm at a reduced rent in consideration of his good conduct; but his landlord seldom visited the country, and when he did he had no time, and perhaps no talent for studying human nature. The tenant who paid 3*l.* 10*s.* an acre was, in his agent's estimation, better by 10*s.* than a tenant who paid 3*l.*; and so Harry O'Reardon was, after years of severe struggling with poverty—the bitter heritage of his forefather's carelessness and extravagance—left with poverty and his aged parent as his sole companions, having nothing but the produce of four acres of bad land to subsist upon. The Irish peasant, to his honour be it spoken, does not desert his neighbour in his affliction; but Harry repulsed the attentions which would have been gladly paid.

When he had nothing to give, he would receive no visiter, and it was a melancholy picture of

gloomy pride to see that high-minded—but mistaken—man cultivating his land *alone,* while the door of his dwelling was closely shut, lest his mother should be discovered in the performance of that necessary work which she had not the means of procuring even "a slip of a girl" to perform for her. Nothing of late went well with Harry O'Reardon; his potatoes failed—the cow went dry—his pigs died—and he was at last compelled to sell his horse. If these misfortunes happened to an English yeoman, bitterly though he might feel them, still he would not do as Harry did. He would not dream of leaving his country; he would look out other land, or a situation as bailiff to a gentleman's property; or the gentry, knowing his value, would keep him amongst them—but Harry remembered his lineage, and would till no land but his own, *where he was known.*

"I've been thinking, mother," he said, rubbing the left sleeve of his coat against the right, "I've been thinking, that while I have a good coat to my back, I may as well go seek my fortune in some other country; the world is wide—and the luck's gone from us. And if I go now I shall go without shame; and this house and the four acres, which, according to all justice, is yours, mother, you can

let to Grimogue of the Forge; and live in Tallagh on what it brings until, may be, if the Lord looks down on us—I shall send for you, where the trees will be larger and the grass greener than it is with us."

The poor mother was paralysed, yet she had lived for some time in anticipation of the blow. She knew that matters were growing worse and worse; and though her heart felt as if encircled by the walls where she had entered in the triumph and beauty of a bride, yet she did not like those same walls to witness her degradation. Her pride was as great as her son's, but its objects were inferior to his. She did not like to walk to mass, because she had been accustomed to go there on a car; and she had sundry secret misgivings that Harry might have acted more wisely if he had not sold his land: "For sure the debts might have gone on as they always did before, and he not lose the credit of the land being his own."

"Let me alone till to-morrow," she said, in reply to her son's observation; "let me alone till to-morrow, and then I'll have strength to talk to you."

The morrow came, and Harry was agreeably disappointed by finding that his mother did not oppose his intention; she only stipulated that he was first

of all to "try his luck" in Dublin. Dublin was a fine place. She had been there when a girl, and she knew that, though the respect paid to old families was not what it was in her time, still they could not but have some consideration for an O'Reardon. What did he mean to be?—a counsellor, or a doctor, or what? He had had Latin for three quarters—and five quarters of all sorts of figures. What would he turn to?

Harry smiled at his mother's simplicity, but eased her heart by assuring her that he would starve sooner than disgrace his family. This promise he made in perfect sincerity. His after-career proved his mother need not have feared that his pride would fail. I have recorded her touching farewell; but before Harry left the neighbourhood he had another adieu to make. The fair-haired girl at the end of the bohreen, from whence his whistle came so sweetly on his mother's ear, had long possessed an interest in his heart; and with the characteristic imprudence of his country he would have married her, though he had nothing to support her with. But, ridiculous as it may seem, he objected to her family!—her father was a tailor; her uncles were tinkers; and, worse than all, she was a Protestant. Moyna Roden deserved to be beloved—and was

beloved; though Mrs. O'Reardon looked down upon her, and would never allow that Harry condescended to care for "a bit of a tailor's daughter." And had it not been for an irresistible impulse which drew Harry towards Moyna, he would have joined in the declaration. The fact was, he had honestly told Moyna that he would be her *friend* as long as she lived. And Moyna's woman-generosity outstripped his; for she assured him, she would not only be *his* friend, but his *wife's* friend, whenever he got one. And then Harry assured her, he never meant to marry; and then Moyna assured him, that she had resolved on dying an old maid. And so these *two friends* went on in the high road to love—fancying nobody perceived the drift of their friendship. But when Harry had really determined on leaving his home, then it was that he felt convinced Moyna Roden was dearer to him than any friend. She was half seated on the wheel of a car, that had been turned on end in a gap formed in the side of a deep ditch to answer the purpose of gate and turnstile, and prevent pigs and cattle trespassing on one of the most luxuriant fields of brown clover that ever clothed an Irish meadow, in perfume and in beauty—there she awaited Harry Reardon's farewell, looking like a

figure cut of one Christall's pictures—save that the painter can give but one expression—and Moyna's features and complexion were alive with emotion. Once or twice she caught herself listening for his whistle; and then thought to herself, "No! he is going away and his heart will be too full; if he tried to whistle now, it would choke him;" and then she heard his footstep, and her little dog, a shaggy underbred cur, ran as usual to meet his acquaintance.

Harry walked with a firm and determined step along the bohreen—looking neither to the right nor left. Although the day was warm, he wore a blue great coat—the tails of which were gathered behind, and thrown over his left arm, from whence they descended in heavy drapery; in his right he carried a stout blackthorn stick, with which at any other time he would have beat the bushes in tune to his whistle, but now, it almost hung from his hand; and though, when he approached his *friend* he summoned a smile to his sad features, it was a smile which was answered by Moyna's tears. I had almost forgotten that behind our traveller, and at a respectful distance, trotted a half idiot-boy of the neighbourhood carrying an old valise of large dimensions, that was braced to his shoulders by a

rope of many knots. It was true that a handkerchief could have contained Harry's wardrobe, but his mother had insisted, that in case he met any of the neighbours, it would look "more respectable" to have a "gorsoon behind him with a thrunk." "When you've gone so far as to be clean out of your own place," she continued, "you can *roul* it up and carry it on the end of the stick, and but little trouble will it be to you—for, my grief—there's not much in it—only, Harry, sit down as if to rest by the road side, and send Jemmy home—so that he may'nt *see* you on the way—like a pedlar, with your pack—that no one belonging to you was ever forced to carry yet—nor never may be, I pray God!"

Harry obeyed his mother's injunctions—for they tallied with his own inclinations; but when he came to where Moyna lingered, he desired Jemmy to "follow the road—and he would soon be after him;" and consequently Jemmy went on. Nobody who knew any thing of the matter, ever represented love as always "eloquent." There are times when man's passion will burst forth in words—woman's seldom does; and when men are continually talking of their love, I think it is rather to be mistrusted. Real, veritable love, is too deep for language, and

Moyna felt it so; for when Harry had stood by her side for full ten minutes, she had not spoken—not uttered a sentence—not even a sound.

"You had almost as much instruction in writing as myself, Moyna," said Harry, at last; "and though many thought you had too much of it for a girl, I shall not think so, if you write to *me* sometimes."

"I will, Master Harry—in—all friendliness," she said at last. "We have been all the same as brother and sister—though you were far above me in birth, and all that—you have been like a born-brother to me; and though the neighbours thought you proud, I always denied it—and always will—at least you were never proud to me!"

Proud to Moyna Roden!—one might as well have been proud to the pet lamb of the fold!

"We have been *more* than brother and sister to each other," replied the young man, earnestly, and with much emotion; "far more—and if you do not feel it already, I tell you now, Moyna—you are a thousand—thousand times dearer to me than ever sister was to brother. I am going away now—and —my heart would have burst if I had not told you so—I love you so well—that though it is my duty

—I cannot pray that you may be happy with another."

"You need not," she replied in a faint, low voice, "you need not; for—for—"

"For what, Moyna?"

"For a reason I have," she replied timidly.

"And what is that, Moyna?"

"Because I could not—that's all;" and then she burst into tears, and covered her blushing cheeks with her hands.

Many adieus did they give and take; yet neither said much—their hearts were too full for words; but the parting must come at last—and then Moyna put into his hand a small parcel, containing a white waistcoat, and six collars—and that everlasting gift from an Irish girl to her *friend*—a black silk handkerchief.

"Father says, I make waistcoats better than himself," said Moyna; "and it was as a remembrance, and not because I thought you wanted it, that I made it for you, Master Harry!"

It will be at once evident that Moyna's gift of a waistcoat showed she wanted tact; it put Harry in mind of her father's trade—the collars were in better taste.

"I carded the flax—and spun it—and bleached

the linen myself," said the kind girl. "Five dozen to the pound it was; and the minister's wife judged me the prize on its account," she added, with a little pride as to her handywork.

"And you made them too?" said Harry, looking them over; for all men appear to be natural judges of shirt-collars.

"Yes," she replied; "who else would make them?"

"And indeed that's true," he sighed; but before he could commend the stitching, Jemmy appeared on his return with the valise.

"Did I not tell you to follow the road, and that I'd soon be after you?" said "Master Harry," in an angry voice.

"You did," answered the urchin; "and so I did follow it, until I saw the Dublin coach, that your mother said you would go by, *pass*—guard and all; and as the coach was passed, I thought you would not come afther me, and then I cum back to ax ye, if I was to wait to carry the thrunk to-morrow; its a beautiful thrunk entirely, *and no great weight!*"

Harry assured Jemmy there was another coach to pass; and Jemmy replied there were a great many—but not that day! And Harry persisted that another would pass in about two hours, by another

road; and this incident, perplexing though it was, lightened the agony of the parting, and Harry proceeded on his journey.

Having carried my friend so far on his journey through life, I must here for the present leave him, to detail his further progress on some future occasion.

It was one of those fine sunny mornings which, in the country, brings buds and butterflies to perfection; and in town—no matter, be it capital or county—draws every beau and every belle into the streets and promenades. In London even, the very aristocrats look as if *being* aristocrats gave them something to do, something to think about. In Dublin, the loungers, male and female, always appear as if any species of earthly employment would be a relief. The motion of the young men, as they move about the streets, is something between a lounge and a swagger: if you can understand my meaning, their idleness is *intense*. Up College green, down Dame street—up and down Grafton street, again to College green—again down Grafton street—then up and down Sackville street, again, and again, and again. If they have clubs they afford no novelty. There is no House of Commons—no opera—no concert! Is it to be wondered at,

then, that their naturally active temperament, kept in order by what they imagine fashion, sometimes boils over in a row, or evaporates in a "shindy?" What else have they, according to their own expression, "to keep them alive?" Then the college youths—college *boys*, as they are most irreverently termed by their friends and companions—they effervesce occasionally; and altogether, taking one month with another, there are a considerable number of misunderstandings, which give them something to talk about besides politics and religion. To an English stranger, the idleness of the Irish metropolis has an extraordinary aspect. He wonders where, and by whom, business is conducted: he thinks within himself, that the greatest proof of the streets being never thronged, as in London, is the fact of the execrable conveyances (whose seats go flapping along like the inverted wings of a windmill) being able to drive with tolerable safety through the resorts of the "beau monde." He thinks the girls would be the most lovely creatures in the world, if they did not trip, and giggle, and stumble quite so much; and if they could but learn how to make their toilettes with neatness and precision, he might pronounce them—perfect.

The sun shone, as I have said, most brightly;

the young men lounged listlessly in its beams; and the young ladies tripped and giggled as they passed, or stared through the shop windows at some "illigant muslins," some "darlint ribbons," or "rale English prints," not to be known from "French challis." Grafton street looked unusually gay. There were twelve or fourteen jaunting-cars swaying from one side of the street to the other, the drivers certainly not knowing or not caring which side was the right or which was the wrong. Now and then a private carriage rolled majestically on its way; and a few phaetons and a "castle cab," that would not disgrace Hyde Park, made the English lounger (for the English, too, can lounge) think of dear London. The genuine Orangemen grouped opposite the college gate rejoicing exceedingly in the prospect, interrupted midway by the "glorious and immortal" statue of their ugly, yet beloved, William. There it stood, the sun's beams hot upon its head; and one old gentleman descanted most eloquently upon the "spirit and beauty" of the royal deliverer.

It is well to see Dublin on a fine day, when it is not raining or going to rain—to stand just where those gentlemen stood—Westmoreland street extending in its magnificence to the right, and the

Bank, *once* the Parliament House, flanked by its pure and beautiful columns, like a temple of the olden time.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said a fine looking peasant, touching his hat, and addressing one of the admirers of the King who, according to the old toast, saved Ireland "from Popery, slavery, and *wooden shoes!*" I ask your pardon; but is that the *image* of King William?"

"Yes, it is," replied the questioned, who was an English officer.

"You know well enough it is," exclaimed a fire-eating "college boy," proud in the new distinction of his cap and robe, and brimful of Orangeism and bluster.

"I did *not* know, young gentleman," replied the querist proudly. If I had known, I would not have troubled his honour there with a question. Any how, when I did ask, I asked one who was old enough to understand, and civil enough to answer."

"Do you know who you are speaking to?" inquired the youth fiercely.

"I do not know *who* I am speaking to," replied the stranger; "but I know who I am *not* speaking to."

"What, you scoundrel! what do you mean by that?" said the young Hotspur, coming closely to the man.

"I mean I am not speaking to a gentleman," he replied calmly; "and, like a good boy, stand out of my light; for though you are nothing but a straw, still I can't see the image through your black cap."

Young Irish gentlemen are not in the habit of using much courtesy towards their inferiors; they are quick tempered, and fond, like other youths, if they have authority, of showing it. In an instant the imprudent boy struck the speaker a blow on the face. It could not have injured the assailed, for he was much too strong and stout of frame to be affected by such a stroke; but it roused his spirit, and, considering the impetuosity of his nature, he deserved great credit for not returning it. Twenty or five-and-twenty young men gathered round their companion, expecting that the stranger would have "shown fight," and the officer, as well as the elders of the party, stood between them; while the man who had been so grossly insulted, after a brief mental struggle, looked at the lad, and, then in a voice quivering with emotion, said—

"It is not, your friends, my boy, hinders me

from punishing you; but I'd be loth to strike a child as if he was a man. There's as good blood in my veins, I make bould to say, as in yours. If any *man* thinks I deserved insult let him say so, and I'll talk to *him*. But as for you, poor child, I'd just like to have the whipping of you for ten minutes with a nate furze bush, and be sure it would bring some of the foolish heat out of your silly head."

The coolness of this reply turned the tables in Paddy's favour, and the English gentleman took hold of the youngster's arm, and almost forcibly walked him off down Grafton street.

"This is the second row you have got into, to my knowledge, within a week, Edward," he said to the boiling youth. "If you were my son, you should apologise to the man you have insulted."

"What!" exclaimed the boy; "apologise to that bogtrotter! How dare he ask if that was King William's statue? Whose else should it be? I suppose he wanted King Dan there instead."

"Very likely he would have no objection to such an exchange."

"Upon my word, uncle Leslie," said the boy, "it is quite shocking to hear you talk so quietly to such fellows, and about such things. If you were

not my mother's own brother I should doubt your loyalty."

"Because I did not knock a stranger down for asking if that was King William's *image*," replied the officer, laughing.

"Image!—image, indeed!" growled the tyro.

"Poor Ireland!" sighed the gentleman; "where nothing but disputes arise, where bitterness usurps the place of reason, and where parties are continually pitted against each other even in the public streets. Edward, I am ashamed of you, and ashamed of the state of the country. Why, if you committed such an assault as that in England, you would have been lodged in the station-house by this time. By the way, I ought not to have left that worthy countryman of yours surrounded by that hopeful college gang; it certainly was a scandalous outrage not to know King William by intuition. There, go into that shop and get an ice; it will cool your blood, I hope. And when you are cool, Edward, why then I must speak to you again on this subject."

Colonel Leslie was glad that he returned so quickly; for there was something evidently more than usual going on in College green. Many persons had stopped, and the voices of sundry car and

carriage drivers were heard in all the untaught and fiery eloquence of Irish debate. This riot, however, had nothing to do with the former fray. The countryman might or might not have been further annoyed, according to the variable humour of the party who had witnessed the event I have mentioned; but the loungers were in luck's way that morning—not one, but two events had occurred to dispel *ennui*. The college boys had been debating as to *who* the stranger *could* be that he did not know King William! Some declared he was a Shanavest; others vouched for his being a Caravat; a little fellow, with sharp gray eyes and a snub nose, insinuated that he was Captain Rock; while another declared that Captain Rock would not surely venture to *look* even at King William! The object of this scrutiny was as careless about it "as if," to use little snub's expression, "he had been born a gentleman." After looking as long as he pleased at the "image," he twirled his shillelagh in his hand, and walking on a few yards, inquired of an elderly man, who was setting his watch by the bank clock, "If them pillars were the Parliament house?"

The old gentleman started and smiled, while he repeated,

"The Parliament house! No, my friend, the bank! the bank!"

"The bank, I mean; thank you, sir," replied the stranger.

But before he finished his examination of that beautiful building there was a rumbling and a crashing in the street. A jaunting car, conveying two ladies on one side, and one on the other, had been run against by a species of machine happily unknown in any other part of the civilised world; it is called the Naul car, forasmuch as it trades between Naul and Dublin. How it managed to stray into College green on that particular day I know not—for its destination was at the other side of the city. This specimen of Irish coach building is drawn by two, or sometimes three, animals called horses, though as such they would not be recognised in any other country upon earth: it *ought* to go on four wheels, but generally speaking one, if not two, of them are non-effective, and oblige their unfortunate companions to do double duty. The front part, intended for "dacent passengers," is a sort of outside car, where the people sit back to back, performing to their great discomfort a species of jumping *dos-à-dos*, quite involuntary on their part, but to which custom seems to reconcile them

in an extraordinary degree. This division of the machine has an awning over it, which serves certainly to keep off a portion of the "pelting of the pitiless storm;" before this, the ragged driver is elevated on a piece of wood, directly over the tails of the horses; to the back of the *dacent* division is attached another compartment, without a covering of any kind, where people of all sorts sit, their backs bumping against the rail of what is called "the well," which is half filled with "a lock of hay;" upon this a calf, or some young pigs, with a sufficient quantity of ducks or geese, ride unconsciously to market; behind this living lumber—for the tail of the Naul car is almost as long as that of a distinguished Irishman—comes a car, or cart like a gigantic truck, going upon a wheel or wheels of its own, but attached to the miscellaneous machine by its shafts, and carrying luggage of various descriptions, with as much pomposity as if it really intended to convey it to its destination.

This ponderous and unwieldy machine had pushed against the car which contained the ladies, and a violent concussion was of course the consequence; the lady on the "off" side was fairly thrown out, while those next the Naul were in danger of being literally crushed to death: the

drivers swore loudly at each other, and all the passengers screamed in concert. Both machines were instantly surrounded by persons of all ages and sexes, not knowing what to do to extricate the ladies, and yet fully sensible that if the horses moved nothing could save them. With the bound of a hunting leopard, the man who had inquired relative to the identity of King William sprang across the street, and in an instant comprehended the danger and understood how it could be averted.

"Off with ye every one!" he exclaimed to two old women, the only passengers who had stuck fast to the Naul. "Hurroo, old mother, never heed the geese! Now, hold the horses hard—that will do—I'll have the linchpins out of these wheels, and upset it on this side in a jiffy. Don't bother me, man," he continued, as the driver commenced a remonstrance as to his "beautiful car being spilt in the street,"—"Don't you see it's the only chance for the ladies' lives?"

The pins were not hard in; had they been so, his task could not have been so quickly performed: it was done in a moment: every one was so intent on watching the stranger's operations, that they were not prepared for the rebound when the Naul car fell and gave freedom to the other—it would have

thrown the ladies off but for the coolness and presence of mind of their preserver—and a loud and cordial shout from the quickly assembled people rewarded the almost supernatural strength he exercised to compel the small machine to retain its equilibrium.

"The danger's over, ladies!" he exclaimed to the almost fainting women.

And as he so said, Colonel Leslie arrived on the spot. It was his sister and his niece who had been preserved by the stranger—the mother and sister of the boy whose hot-headed impetuosity had wounded a brave and a proud spirit! The man wiped his brow, and was walking away, when Colonel Leslie called him back.

"Come to my house this evening," he said, placing his card in his hand. "You are a noble fellow, and I must know more about you."

When the evening came, the stranger presented himself at Colonel Leslie's, and the first person he saw when fairly in the hall was the college youth of the morning's adventure.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, I do, with all my heart!" he exclaimed, running up with the same overboiling warmth which had whizzed over in a different way before. "I beg your pardon—there,

shake hands—you know I could not tell that you were going to save my mother and sister from the wheels of the Naul car; and I thought—but no matter, I am sure you have forgiven me—I know I was very much to blame. There, walk into the breakfast room, I'll fetch you a *skreeching* hot tumbler of punch, and, by the time you have drank it, Uncle Leslie will be ready to see you."

And the warm, frank hearted boy, who was never insolent or violent but when excited by the demon of party, danced out of the room, calling to all the inmates that "the brave fellow who saved *them* this morning was come." The stranger looked round the apartment and thought was it possible the rooms in "the castle" could be grander! There are few persons brought up in an Irish village who have not some established favourite residence which is their standard of household perfection: they fancy that whatever is great and beautiful must be like the lord's, or the 'squire's, or the clergyman's. Their minds revert to it unconsciously—it is the perfection of their youth, and what perfection is like unto that?

Blessed, happy spot where my own childhood was passed! Years of mingled joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, have flown since then. I have seen

much that was splendid and celebrated in many lands; and yet, even now, when any thing beautiful in nature or art comes before me, I find myself comparing what I see to what I saw *there*. It is very ridiculous, I know, and yet I cannot help it. the Louvre, I remember, a portrait painted by—I forget the name, but it was one of the wonders of art—and my companion pointed it out to me as a *chef 'd œuvre*—the head of an old gentleman bent forward, one hand resting partially in the bosom of his coat, the flesh shaded but not obscured by an elaborate ruffle; it was a face, a dear old benevolent face to look upon and love.

"Did you ever see such effect?" whispered my friend.

"Yes, it is the repetition of a portrait hung in the dining room at G——, one ——"

"You are ever thus," interrupted the gentleman; "you bring every thing in the most absurd way to your remembrance of that place—it is too bad!"

And so it is—and I have tutored my tongue not to speak of thoughts which for once would make it eloquent. I cannot see a stately high backed chair without calling to mind those ranged with such precision along the pale gray walls of our old dining room. When I examined the wonderful carv-

ings at Petworth, which render the name of Gibbons immortal, the remembrance of our old carved sideboard, which in my childish days I thought magnificent, came full upon me, but I did not say so—I remembered the picture at the Louvre, and held my tongue. It was but this morning I gathered some sweet flowers from my small garden—their perfume carried me back to the bank of the terrace walk where I could walk over beds of violets white and blue. I never see an antique carriage, or a pair of sleek, well fed, and venerable bays, without having a vision of old Frank's "turn out," which now-a-days in Hyde Park would excite almost as much attention as her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Oh, those clear visions of what we loved and what we were in childhood! How sweet they are, and how distinct! How very blue were the blue waves that washed the rocks which guarded that domain—guarded it from foreign foes, but not from sad mismanagement—the canker of the country which lives and preys upon its vitals! The sunsets, too!—how gloriously they laved the sea with gold—gold and purple, touching the clouds with that transparent brightness which painters cannot imitate! I never see a sunset now but I sigh and think of those I witnessed then.

This is sad prosing, nor would I have yielded to it, but that I trace the same train of feeling in the poor stranger. He gazed on the fine furniture—his eye wandered from the carved book cases to the carved chairs, from them to the fine picture frames, until at last his gaze fixed upon a drawing—a simple drawing—a girl sitting at a cottage door, her foot upon the bar of a spinning wheel: it was as faithful a representation of an Irish cottage as if M'Clise had held the pencil. He stood and gazed at it until his eyes dimmed, and then he wiped away the tears with the sleeve of his coat, and looked again, until his reverie was interrupted by his former antagonist, and the *skreeching* tumbler.

"Sit down," said Colonel Leslie, who entered soon after, "tell me your name; and tell me also if I can serve you—and how. You showed more temper, more *good* temper, I confess, than I expected from an Irishman, and your presence of mind far exceeds what I imagined any person like you could possess."

The stranger coloured at this equivocal compliment, while he replied that "his name was O'Reardon, that he wanted to better his fortune—that it wasn't by striking a boy he expected ever to *show* good temper, and that, as to presence of mind, he

thought it could live as snug under a frieze coat as under an English cloth."

There was a manliness in his bearing while he spoke which pleased Colonel Leslie: it was more upright, more straight forward than the usual manner of the Irish peasant, whose servility is often little more than a cloak for cunning, and he thought he had got hold of a new reading of the Irish character; he was not exactly right, it was only the old one with the variations which circumstances and temperament occasion. There are no people in the world whose general features so resemble each other as the Irish.

"And how would you wish to better your fortune, my good friend?" inquired the colonel, after a pause.

Our old acquaintance looked at him and smiled; it was a difficult question to answer.

"You see, sir," he said at last, "I am of an old and rather a high family, and though I am forced, through the badness of the times, to earn my bread, still I should not like to do any thing to disgrace my people."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Colonel Leslie; "nothing more natural or proper; but honest in-

dustry is a credit, not a disgrace. Have you then many relations?"

"No, sir, none that are not far off, except an old mother—God bless her!"

"Because you spoke of not disgracing your people."

"Yes, sir, those who went before me."

"Went before you!" repeated the English colonel, rather puzzled as to Harry's exact meaning.

"Ay, sir, were before me on earth, and are gone before me to heaven, please God!"

"Oh! yes, I understand you now. Have you ever been in service? service of any description; I mean as steward or valet."

"No, sir," replied Harry, his heart swelling within him; "never, no one belonging to me ever came to that."

"Oh! then service is not your object. Well, then what say you, will you enlist? I am sure you would soon be a sergeant, for you are both cool and brave."

"Thank you, sir, but that would not quite suit me either; I should not like (asking your pardon) to wear even the King's livery."

Colonel Leslie looked at Harry in silent astonishment—he could not quite make him out; a poor

man, evidently not of the upper class, yet objecting to earn a livelihood in two honest, and in the colonel's opinion not discreditable, callings.

"Then what do you desire?" he asked; "I should like to serve you, but hardly know how. I feel grateful for your forbearance towards my nephew, your preservation of my sister." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out his purse.

"Thank you, sir," said the countryman, replying to the movement, "but I do not want that yet; a gentleman's word like yours would go a great way. I have no one but God and your honour to look to, and He has already raised me a friend where I had no right to expect it; all I want is employment such as I can take; if I had people to look to me the case would be changed, but I have not: as I said before, I have only God and you."

"You have another person whom you have not counted on, and whom I regret to say your countrymen, individually considered, rarely look to; *I mean yourself!*" said Colonel Leslie.

"What can a poor fellow do in a great place like this without friends?" replied O'Reardon.

"Do not mistake me," answered Colonel Leslie; "I have no desire to withdraw my offer of assistance; I only wish to convince you that if Irishmen

depended more on themselves and less upon others, it would be one great step towards success; you acted to-day from the impulse of your own feelings, did you not?"

"You spoke the true word there, any how," replied Harry, looking modestly down on the carpet.

"Well, my good friend, if you always did so you would get on famously."

O'Reardon smiled, while he said "Not *always*, sir; my feelings have got me into many scrapes. The worst was when I hurled a gauger into a marl hole, thirty feet deep, and left him there!"

"My God!" exclaimed the Englishman, "did you murder him!"

"Oh! no murder at all, sir, I only threw him over, and I know he got out—for a reason I had; he'd have sworn his life against me at the next assizes, only he was afraid of the country!" Colonel Leslie threw up his eyes at the idea of a country being in such a state that a man dare not swear to the truth, and felt again convinced of the difficulty of legislating for a people—even the bettermost sort of whom either pursued the madman's course, and argue *right* from *wrong* principles; or the idiot's, arguing *wrong* from *right* ones.

He had not been long enough in Ireland to learn

that in those days gaugers were as much hunted as tithe-proctors are in the present.

"Will you then," said Colonel Leslie, shifting his ground—thinking doubtless he had better let the *feeling* question alone—"Will you then tell me exactly what you want?"

"I would manage a gentleman's farm as a sort of agent like; I would go into a merchant's house and keep books."

"You can read and write then?" interrupted the colonel.

"Thank God, I can, sir, though I say it myself, and well; or I would tutor young gentlemen, teach them English and the like, and a trifle of Latin."

"You wish, in fact, for the situation of a gentleman?" said the colonel.

"What else, sir! no one belonging to me ever thought of any other; and why should I demean myself?"

"I really fear you are not suited for what you have mentioned, and, under any circumstances, such situations are difficult to be obtained: however I will try."

Colonel Leslie, like the generality of his countrymen, kept his word; he did try, and he did suc-

ceed to his own satisfaction, but not quite to Harry's, who at the end of three months dispatched a letter, of which the following is an exact copy, to his mother.

"My dear mother—I told you in my last of the luck I had, and how Colonel Leslie got me to a merchant's, where, mother, your son was to do as he was bid, and learn trade; for trade it is, for all their boasting; I was to write out bills, and make parcels, and so I did, and my hand-writing was greatly praised, and from eight in the morning till any time at night, there I was stuck up upon a high stool in a place darker than our cow shed, until my heart ached and my eyes grew sore for want of the light of heaven; and the air, mother, would poison a chimney-sweep: but it is not that only that has come over me; if you but knew how I miss the sun and the smell of the fresh hay, and the blessing of my poor mother, and the respect of the neighbours. Still I knew what I left, though I did not quite know what I was coming to.

"I bore it all, though my back was growing like the bow of a bill-hook, until a messenger left, and then the master asked me *to carry out parcels:* now, mother, I might have done it if a *born* gen-

tleman had asked it, because no one knows me here; but who do you think the merchant is? A tinker's son!

"I could not stomach it, so I left with about forty thirteens in my pocket, and the anger of the only friend I had in the world: I don't know how it is, but the English have mighty queer notions, so shocking fond of money, and have no feeling for those who have nothing to be proud of but the drop of blood in their veins. Colonel Leslie does not say so, but I am sure he thinks me an empty fool! Still, mother, dear, I am your own child, not on account of the folly, but the pride: sure they'd have flesh and blood the same as a stone, to be trod on; but keep a good heart, mother, I'm off for Liverpool to-morrow morning, and the world's before me, and my life is young! Do any remember me now? Do you ever see little Moyna Roden?

"My dear Mother, till death,

"I am your affectionate, dutiful son.

"Dublin, I'm thinking, is much as you left it thirty years ago."

When Harry arrived in Liverpool, he presented two letters of introduction which he had obtained—one was to a grocer, the other to a builder: but Harry would neither weigh out figs nor carry a

hod; how could the grocer or builder serve him? He stood upon his pride; but at length his limbs failed him, and he stared starvation in the face until it nearly out-stared him. Poor Harry! it was a trial he could ill brook; for he was not of an idle disposition, and he could still less endure to be classed with the *mere* Irish, whose conduct in England is, in nine cases out of ten, any thing but creditable to their country. And here I would entreat my English friends not to judge of the real character of the Irish by the specimens they too often meet with; the worst generally leave their own country, and imbibe vices which are easily acquired, while virtues, more difficult both to gain and practise, are beyond their reach. In their own land, they are certainly more civil and obliging than they are in England—more upright, too, and kind to each other. They throw off the restraint which their priests command in Ireland, and having experienced the harshness, and become emancipated from the only law whose legitimacy they ever acknowledge, they are very unlikely to take up any other, much less one they have been taught to hate in their youth. If Harry was uncomfortable in the confined room of a Dublin office, what must he have suffered from the atmosphere where

a dozen human beings were crowded together in a wretched cellar or heated garret! His feelings, poor fellow, were sufficiently bitter, when he thought of the green fields and freedom of his dear home; compelled to pledge even the white waistcoat—pretty Moyna's gift—and to herd with the lowest of the low, who hated him because he was unlike themselves. After undergoing nearly a month of this severe discipline, his pride for the time began to give way, and he would have accepted any employment to save him from starvation. "Sure nobody knows me," quoth our adventurer, "and it 'ill never travel home; and I'm thinking if it did, none of the neighbours would believe that Harry O'Reardon and his pride had parted company!" Still the fates were against him; it was in vain that he applied to grocers, cheesemongers, and master bricklayers—those who had known him before knew his pride: the English cannot sympathise with any pride but that of wealth; and those to whom he was a stranger did not require assistance. He haunted the neighbourhood of the dock-yards, but employment he could not procure. Poor Harry! the person he most frequently thought of was his own Moyna—the love that lives through adversity is love indeed!

He wandered one morning along the London road, beating the green hedges with his stick, and whistling—not from want of thought, but through thoughtfulness—a sort of musical accompaniment set by sadness, when he was aroused from his musing by an accident, which from his position he distinctly saw. A gentleman driving a phaeton persisted, very properly, in keeping to his own side of the road, while a servant, driving an Irish jaunting car (luckily an empty one,) kept pertinaciously to the wrong, and thus a concussion ensued between the meeting vehicles. Harry was the only person in sight, and was called upon simultaneously by both parties to witness the event.

The gentleman was a quiet, resolute Englishman. The servant, a boisterous Irishman; evidently more newly caught than even our friend Harry.

"I was on my own side of the way," said the gentleman, "and you drove directly against me."

"I was at the same side of the way as you, I own —I'll own to that," replied Paddy; "but, sure, wasn't the road wide enough? Wasn't it as easy for you to turn up it as me? Sure I left the whole road to you, and what more did you want? To be turning me off the taste of way I had, and *I* so long on it!"

"What do you mean by being *long* on it? and what has that to do with being on the wrong side?" said the gentleman.

"Sure ye can't deny you just left Liverpool, and I'm on the road from Birmingham since Tuesday; and my master says, says he, 'Mick,' says he, 'whatever you do, keep to the right side,' and I done his bidding, in spite of every thing said to me as I came along, and sorra a thing happened me till now."

"You hear, my good man," said the gentleman, folding up the dash-leather of his phaeton, which the step of the car had torn to pieces, and appealing to Harry O'Reardon; "you hear he confesses he kept to the wrong side of the road?"

"I confess to no such thing," exclaimed the irritated driver; "I say I kept to the right side, and I maintain it." The gentleman smiled contemptuously.

"A magistrate will settle it, that's all, my fine fellow, and teach you what I suppose no Irishman ever learned yet—the right from the wrong."

"A magistrate!" exclaimed the youth, "why, thin, sure it isn't for a bit of a scratch like that you'd be coming the law over us; and as to larning,

faith, sir, I'm no ways more knowing than my countrymen—so I can't learn."

At this moment two policemen came up, and without any further parley, the English gentleman consigned the mistaken driver to their custody.

"Won't you listen to rason!" shouted Paddy; "won't you listen to rason? Set your bit of a scratch against mine—my master's, I mean; look at the damage done by your car to mine—see the step of the beautiful craythur all scrawled and riz, and it on its way as a present to master's own sister. To take the law of me for nothing! Well, faith, maybe it's enough of it you'd have before you die, plaze God—after my fair offer, too! Well, the blessed Virgin send me safe home! Afther that—Oh! Mick Toole, Mick Toole, to think you, or one belonging to you, should ever come to a coort of justice!—Oh! to think of my being murthered after this manner!"

But his appeal was in vain; the gentleman cared much less about the damage done to his carriage than for the necessity of proving that he was *right* by being on the *left* side of the road, and insisted on Harry O'Reardon accompanying him back to Liverpool. Harry had his national prejudice also

against a "coort" of justice, but he went with a hope that it might lead to something; that as a car brought a little luck to him in Dublin, a car might bring him "a trifle more" in Liverpool. When he entered the office the magistrate was occupied in investigating a burglary that had been committed in a private house the night before; two young women and a man were placed in the dock, one of the females was weeping bitterly, the other stood by her side apparently quite unconcerned, quite heedless of the proceedings. The case had been brought home to the man and the woman whose effrontery so disgusted the magistrate; it was the old story over again: the hardened creature had been some time connected with a gang of thieves, and had introduced one of them occasionally into her master's house as her brother. One night he managed to conceal himself in the house, and perpetrate (with the assistance of his accomplice) a very complete robbery; as I have stated, their guilt was sufficiently proved, and they were committed for trial; and then the magistrate asked the trembling, weeping girl, what she had to say in her defence, as there was every reason to believe she was an accessory after the fact. She withdrew her

hands from her face, and, looking with an imploring countenance towards the judge, she replied,

"God! he knows, my Lord, I am as innocent as the child just born."

How the voice thrilled through Harry! The strong man trembled like a wounded bird; he could neither speak nor move; he stretched forward, but he could not see her face, his eyes felt hardened in their sockets, and he would scarcely suffer himself to breathe; he longed to rush to her side, but his feet were rooted to the earth; again he heard her sobbings—it was Moyna! A mist obstructed his sight, the court turned round and round, he could not hear what the magistrate said, but, when she again spoke, the tones of her beloved voice smote upon his heart.

"I can't prove it, my lord, to man; but if your honour will have patience with a poor girl away from her own country, may be the Almighty would make it clear to you for the sake of the thruth."

The magistrate was of a kindly nature, he had not been long in office, and he did listen.

"Please your honour, I felt lonely at home and didn't get my health well, so our minister's daughter (please your honour, though I'm an Irish woman I'm a Protestant) said to me, 'Moyna,' said she,

'I'm going to Wales for two months, and if you like I will take you as my maid instead of one of my father's servants, for you're handy with the needle ——."

"Never mind that," said the magistrate, "but come to the point at once."

"She was coming to the *point*, your worship," said the Liverpool *court*-jester, "she had just got hold of the *needle*."

The magistrate smiled and frowned, and Harry O'Reardon thought the punster the greatest brute the Almighty had ever created; how horridly does a pun rasp against agitated feelings!

"I came with her, your honour, but I didn't get much good of the change of air; there was a heaviness in me, and a weight over my heart."

"Young woman, young woman," interrupted the magistrate, "I don't sit here to hear about girls' hearts."

"I ask your honour's pardon then," she replied, curtseying, "but it's in the fault all through, and I can't get on without it."

"Go on," said the magistrate, and though he smiled he did not then frown.

"Thank your honour. Miss Dalrymple (she's own cousin to the great Sir Hugh Dalrymple) heard

of an aunt of hers that was dying in France, and it was her duty to go to her; but the weakness and the pain in my heart hindered me of travelling, and so I stayed in the lodging the good young lady took for me, waiting till she'd come back, and she had not been gone a week when a change for the better came over me, and the woman I lodged with recommended me to Mr. Maberley's, (God help us, we little know what's before us!) and there I had to wait on two young ladies, kind and good they were to me; the worst thing I ever got from them was a smile, and the hardest word a blessing. And oh! sir, do you think I could injure those, who, though I was a stranger, were like parents to me?"

"Assertion is no proof," said the magistrate; "go on with your story. You saw the misconduct of your fellow servant, did you not?"

"Please your honour I saw nothing that I could call misconduct, believing as I did that *that* man was her brother. I thought once or twice to myself how fortunate she was in having a brother so fond of her, and I told her so."

"You slept with your fellow servant, did you not?"

"I lay in the same bed with her, sir, but it's little I trouble sleep, for that pain in my heart often

comes upon me in the night, and may be I don't close an eye till the morning."

"It has been clearly proved," said the magistrate, "that on the night in question, when it was nearly twelve, that unfortunate girl got out of her chamber window, which opened on the leads, walked along those leads to another window, which fastened on the outside, and entered the stable loft where she had concealed her pretended brother, remained there a few minutes, and then both entered by the window she had at first opened. You say you do not sleep soundly, how then could all this have taken place without your knowledge?"

"Please your honour," replied the girl blushing burning crimson, "please your honour, I was not in it."

"What! what do you mean?" inquired the magistrate, whom she had evidently deeply interested, "what do you mean? were you not in the house, in your room that night?"

"Part of the night, please your honour, I *was* in the house, and part, *that part*, I was not."

Harry O'Reardon felt a cold dew burst upon his temples, and *his* heart grew faint.

"Here's depravity!" exclaimed the magistrate. "A young woman confesses with all the apparent

innocence and modesty in the world that she is out of her master's house at twelve o'clock at night, in such a place as Liverpool. What is the world come to! But go on—go on; and mind—mind you speak the truth—the entire truth."

"Sir," said Moyna, looking perplexed, and yet dignified, "I have done nothing to be ashamed of—and my mother, on her dying bed, could say (though it's little, thank God, she knows where I'm standing this blessed day) that I never told a lie in my life. The same window that my fellow-servant got out of, as your honour says—for I did not see her—I had stolen from with a bating heart, when it wanted a quarter to twelve; but for no harm, your honour—no harm in life!"

"Where did you go to?"

Moyna blushed still more deeply than before.

"I'd rather not tell, plase your honour, for you won't get at the sense of it, or have any sort of belief in it—only may be laugh at me altogether."

"Sense!—belief!" repeated the man of justice, shaking his wig, which doubtless felt insulted at its divination being questioned; "this is impertinent. If you do not tell I shall commit you for trial."

Moyna paled, and then looked up to his face with a sweetly serious expression of countenance, which

seemed to say, "*Could* you do it?" She then spoke in a low and trembling tone.

"Why, then, first of all (saving your presence,) I tied my garters acrosss in three knots, and laid them under my head, where they are still—the head of the bed, I mean, if it has not been disturbed—and Ellen was lying fast asleep at the same time, at least so I thought—then I slipped on my clothes, and took care not to look at the glass, though the lamp *forenint* the window made it as light as day; and I stepped out of the window, taking my three handfuls of flax-seed in my apron, and a little bottle full of cold water in my hand. Your honour knows the back of Mr. Maberley's house faces the church yard; so I walked along the leads, and let myself down into it, as the three-quarter chimes were going. I then walked three times round the church yard, and told over the charm, while I threw the seed—not, plase your honour that I have any great faith in it, and my father would be very mad with me if he thought I gave way to a thing of the sort; but some how when the mind's not easy—your honour can think of yourself—you take to any thing, however small, that gives a morsel of hope—then the clock struck, and I took a mouthful of cold water, and—your

honour may believe me or not as you think fit and right—but as I walked for the second time round the church—your honour knows the corner that turns to the street—there——"

Her voice, which was so very low that but for the intense silence in the court it could not have been at all heard, now sank into a whisper, and she trembled so exceedingly that one of the people offered her a glass of water.

"Plase your honour," she continued, when a little revived—"plase your honour, I'll never try to work a charm of a Hallow-eve night again! It may come and go for me for ever! I'm done with it! for there *he* stood in company with another man at the corner, looking over the church wall —"

"He! Who?" interrupted the magistrate—"one of the burglars? housebreakers?"

"Oh no," said Moyna, clasping her hands energetically, "he's nothing of that sort, nor never was, nor one belonging to him—never—never—never! *Him* I was thinking of, your honour, to my sorrow and my shame, is now to be forced to save my character, by owning to my foolishness in an English court of justice!"

"Moyna! Moyna!" exclaimed Harry O'Reardon, rushing forward, and overturning a policeman

by the energy of his movements; "Moyna, lay no blame on the charm, for it was *me* you saw? Moyna, was it not *me* you thought of?"

The English assembly caught Harry's enthusiasm at the very moment that *he* caught Moyna to his bosom; and the English gentleman, who would not yield the eighth of an inch of his right to the correct side of the road, felt his eyes uncomfortably moist and misty. After the lapse of a few minutes, O'Reardon glanced from Moyna's beautiful face to his own thread-bare coat, and desiring that no shadow of suspicion should for a moment rest upon her, he drew himself up and addressed the magistrate.

"Plase your honour, I was uncomfortable last night in my bed, and I don't deny but I thought a good deal of the different way I *used* to spend Holly-eve, and so I got up and dressed myself, and as it was a fine night I wandered down to the near church yard, and at the far corner of the wall I saw a policeman looking over it; and as I had a small acquaintance with him I asked him what he was looking at, and he told me he had been for ever so long watching a young woman who kept going round and round the church yard. And then I looked over, little thinking who it was; and as the

lamp shone on me, she saw me distinctly enough, for when she came opposite she screamed, but before the policeman could get over to her she had disappeared."

"Can you tell me what policeman witnessed this?" inquired the magistrate; "because, if Moyna was really in the church yard at the hour the robbery was committed, and engaged in the foolish superstitions that have been described, there is not even presumptive evidence against her."

"I saw her," said the officer O'Reardon had tumbled over; "I was on duty, your worship, and observed her before this man came and spoke to me. I thought she was crazed at first; but there's no being up to the ways of these wild *Hirish*. The next time," he added, turning to O'Reardon, "that you intend to walk over a man, it would be as well that you pulled the nails out of your brogues."

"I feel it my duty to state thus publicly," said Mr. Maberley, who was present, "so perfectly convinced am I of Moyna's innocence, that I am quite willing she should remain at my house until Miss Dalrymple's return. We must, however, cure her of her superstition, and inquire into the character of the apparition that disturbed her midnight walk.

The Liverpool church yards are not, I fear, as safe for those excursions as the Irish ones."

Moyna blushed, and cried, and curtsied, but was too much overpowered by her mingled feelings to speak. Harry remained in court to give his evidence, and felt, notwithstanding his thread-bare coat, as if his star had passed the horizon. I hope he was right.

PART III.

"SURE, if I'm agreeable, and see no objections," said Harry, "there's no reason in life why *you* should, Moyna. When I get over the tailor, and the like o' that, I don't understand either ryhme or reason for your growing high about it. Sure, you confessed before the court, it was me you were thinking of."

"Hush!" interrupted Moyna, placing her hand before Harry's lips; and then she turned away her face to hide the blushes which steeped her cheeks in crimson.

Eight weeks had elapsed since Harry had been compelled to give evidence touching the wrong and the right side of the road—eight weeks since his heart beat high at finding Moyna affectionate, and Moyna scathless—eight weeks, or nearly so, since he found himself established, through the kindness of the cold mannered English gentleman, in a situation connected with the Irish packets, where his knowledge of his countrymen, and his intelligence, were of real value to his employer. It was one which fortunately chimed in with his pride and his

independence: a sort of place most disagreeable to an Englishman, because an Englishman desires his occupation to be defined; but which an Irishman always likes, because he can make the most of it—that is, in "the genteel way;" and Harry certainly did make the most of it, and of himself too. It would have been difficult to meet a handsomer couple than Harry and Moyna, as they walked slowly along the docks—not lost in admiration of the number and beauty of the ships, but quietly intent upon each other's charms—just as lovers were and will be to the end of the world. Moyna's kind mistress had arrived, and Moyna was again with her; but the time had approached when she must either return with her to Ireland, or quit her protection for ever!

"As I said before," repeated Harry, "when I can see no objection to the difference you think so much of, what need is there for you to bring it forward? Sure, Moyna, this country is not like our own for that, and many a thing else; and as to old Ireland now!—"

He hesitated, and Moyna inquired—"What about it, Masther Harry?"

"Why—it's more than may be, that I shall never set foot on it again!"

"Oh!—don't say so—don't say so!" she replied, clasping her hands. "Sure, my heart bates double when I think of it! Its fields—its green hills—the kindly people—the fresh air—the cow, the craythur that knew me as if it was a Christian—the blessing from my mother's lips! To say nothing of the bohreen—the bohreen, Master Harry—where ——"

She paused, and blushed more rosy-red than ever; nor would he speak a single word, or avert his eyes, but stood enjoying her confusion and delighted to see the increased beauty which emotion lent to her countenance.

"Ah! behave, will you?" she said at last, in reproof to his ardent gaze. "Behave, do, Masther Harry; and don't be shaming me before my face. You stare as bad as if you were an Englishman."

"You're wrong, I believe, there," replied Harry, drawing her arm within his, as they diverged towards a street leading out of Liverpool; "for they say the Irish are more forward than the English."

"They say what's untrue, then!" replied Moyna, warmly. "I never saw such brazen men as there are in this town."

"Why, Moyna, the truth is, that all the week they are looking at their big books in their dirty

counting houses, or smelling palm oil, or unshipping pigs, or unloading cotton, or measuring sails, or something that way; and the only time they get to use their eyes like Christian men, is of a Sunday. And faith, Moyna, it must be a treat to them, to get any thing so pretty and fresh as yourself to look at. But tell me, Moyna, why you remember the bohreen?"

Moyna's eyes glanced for a moment up, then down, and then she shook her head, saying—"Be easy, Masther Harry, do; you know well enough—I wish you didn't. May be it would be better for us both you did not; for, if I'm not mistaken—though neither the religion nor the tailor would be let stand betwixt you and me, as far as your own thoughts go, more particular here in England, and especially in this great town, where my mistress tells me tailors and merchants, and all sorts, are jumbled up together, like curds and whey—yet, Masther Harry, the time will come, when you'd want to go back to your own country; and what would your mother—and what would all your people, dead and living, say, to see that, instead of bringing them a bran spick and span new English wife, you only brought over poor Moyna Roden—poor Moyna!—that your own mother (who, I

know, is a well bred—well learned woman) never thought good enough to wipe her shoes?"

"My mother *is* a taste high, I own," replied Harry, "but she would not be so if she knew you; and you are far before all the neighbours' daughters that ever were, for learning; and now, having travelled ——"

"Masther Harry," interrupted the maiden, "I don't know what comes over young people at times, to be doing just the direct contrary to what they ought! It's mighty foolish, so it is, yet it's hard to help it; and some how or other things turn up some times, so against all one's intentions. To think of my leaving home first—if the truth must be told—to put the thoughts of you out of my head, and then ——"

"My meeting you," added her lover, "to put them in again. But, Moyna, rogue as you are, you know you had not got them out. Remember the hemp seed, Moyna!"

"Whisht! Masther Harry."

"I never can forget it, Moyna—I'd be worse than a brute if I did; and now listen to me. My situation is worth five-and-twenty silver shillings a week, paid as regularly as the day—no apology—no 'call again' work. There's not many a land

owner in ould Ireland can get his rents as I get my dues, after that fashion. Moyna, we could live like kings and queens on it ——"

"Masther Harry, you forget the religion—you forget your mother!"

"They don't think so much about religion here as they do at home," he replied.

"And more's the pity—I've thought so too," said Moyna; "just because I'll tell you how it is. They're the most puffed up people under the sun. Stuffing themselves, body and soul, with goold—nothing but goold! Well might the minister, on Sunday, call it the yellow pestilence. It's a pity to see people forget their God, for the sake of the bounty he bestows. And your mother, Masther Harry: she has a hard face to a heretic, and, in coorse, would not like to see the son she loves above the world, united to one for life! To never heed other reasons, which, to a proud woman like her, is reason for any thing."

Harry paused. What Moyna said was true—perfectly true; but then he loved her! And, true to his man-ish nature, there was a mingling of selfishness with his love, which made him hope to compromise between interest, or perhaps (for he was not sordid) I should say, between his habitual fear

of his mother, and his affection for one of the most devoted girls who had ever left the green isle of her birth.

"Sure, Moyna," he said at last, "there is no reason to tell her any thing about it."

Moyna had no family pride to make her path crooked, but she had a considerable degree of womanly feeling—that uprightness of mind which scorns concealment, because concealment implies, if not vice, at least meanness; though humbly she was born, and humbly bred, still she had that propriety of feeling which so frequently overturns the maxims of philosophy and the rules of education, as to be pronounced innate. Harry looked in her face, and he saw that the colour had faded from her cheek; he felt the hand that rested on his arm tremble, and she tried to withdraw it; then again her cheek flushed, while she replied—"I am but a poor girl, I know, Masther Harry, and I always told you so. I was proud to be your friend, and had no thoughts ever to be your wife, till you put it in my head; and the thought stayed there in spite of myself. But as to hiding a marriage—I'd never listen to it—never! I'm poor, but I'm honest; and there's no value in an honest name, if it is to be hid from the world like a thing of shame. I

knew it would come to this: there was always a cloud over my heart, even when you smiled the sweetest on me. God mark you to grace, Masther Harry, but our love days are over! Thank God, there is nothing betwixt us to hinder your still thinking Moyna Roden your friend!"

She withdrew, or rather tried to withdraw, her hand, which Harry clasped firmly within his. Every word Moyna had uttered made him respect her more and more. He felt at that moment only one wish—that he had a kingdom to lay at her feet. His enthusiasm was roused; the pride on which he was ever ringing the changes had, he fancied, found an echo in her heart; and he had not sufficient skill to discover of how superior an order *her* feelings were to *his*. They had got out of the streets, and had been walking under the shadow of a long wall. Suddenly turning the corner—Moyna's hand still clasped in Harry's—his countenance expressing the greatest anxiety—hers vibrating with emotion—an apparition stood before them, for which they were certainly unprepared. This was no other than Harry O'Reardon's own mother, as large and bony as ever. Harry caught sight of her before she saw them. Her red cloak was floating behind her—her black silk bonnet blown back—her gray hair

streaming—her appearance as wild and as grotesque as can well be imagined.

"My God!" ejaculated Harry, and *his grasp of Moyna's hand relaxed.* She withdrew it instantly, and stood unsupported by his side. The mother's eye met her son's gaze, and in an instant, regardless of the publicity of the place, her arms were clasped round his neck. She read over his features.

"The light of my eyes!—the jewel of my heart! —I've been tracing you the whole day, till I hav'n't a foot to stand on. But, oh! my grief! With the blossom comes the blight!—or else, what do you be after doing in *her* company?"

"It's Moyna Roden," said Harry, gaining courage, and presenting her to his mother.

"The light has not left my eyes, nor the knowledge by head," she replied. "I have seen the tailor's daughter of the Bohreen Rah before now."

"Then, mother, you have seen an honest girl, and an honest man's daughter. If it had not been for the interest Moyna Roden excited for me, I might have been living on gravel hash, or dying of starvation. There's no use in following pride to his journey's end, which is to the devil himself. No, no!—There's reason in all things. Come

home, mother, to my place, and tell me why you came."

"Why I came?" repeated the old woman—the tears running down her cheeks as she spoke. "Why I came, and *you* here, Harry?"

It was a mother's reply.

"She does not bide with you, does she?" whispered Mrs. O'Reardon to her son; but Moyna caught the whisper, and replied; at first her voice was feeble and indistinct, but as her purpose strengthened, so did her words.

"I do not bide with your son, Mrs. O'Reardon—and I wonder that you can't remember the time of your own youth, and think of how you would feel if such a question was put to you in your maiden days. Oh! you need not look proud on me, I never stirred your pride with a disrespectful word or thought, nor never will if I know myself; and as to Master Harry, I leave it to him to do me justice—he knows what I said to him not ten minutes past. I'd scorn a lie as much as yourself—and always did—the blood in the veins of every O'Reardon that ever was born is thick enough to be cut with a knife, but the honest principle may be as strong in the hearts of the more lowly; there's a scent on the blossom of the wild violet as well as in

ting (as she said) what, certainly, he had *not* forgotten, his family pride; and it must be confessed that Harry laid his head on his pillow that night with more anxious and troubled feelings than he had given way to in all his poverty. His mother coming over, as she expressed it, "*to take care of him!*" occasioned him much vexation; he had been quite long enough in England to understand the difference between Irish and English habits—and to see the ridicule which invariably attached itself to the former. He had obtained a situation more than sufficient for his wants, but he saw that his mother had formed an estimate of expense according to Irish, not English prices; he felt assured that, accustomed as he had been to respect, in Ireland, (for any one knowing the country, will readily call to mind the deep veneration which the peasant Irish feel and express for those who are come of dacent people,) she would ill bear to rough it amongst those whose greatest knowledge consists in the difference they so correctly estimate between sixpence and a shilling. He had thought, in his moments of enthusiastic affection, that he could share his little stipend and live respectably and happily with a wife like Moyna—but all his habitual devotion for his widowed mother could not

reconcile him to the absurdity of her playing *Madame Mère* in a two-pair front room in a narrow street, and expatiating, as she undoubtedly would, on the antiquity and dignity of the O'Reardons. He was, as he mentally termed it, "fairly and entirely bothered," so bothered with the long line of mortifications which awaited him, that he did not do what he intended—go and seek out the gentle hearted girl whose feelings had been so unnecessarily outraged.

"My mother will be tired after her long sea journey," he said, within himself—"and when once the sleep comes over her she will rest long; and while the sun is blinking, to-morrow morning, I will see Moyna and tell her how perfectly I vindicated her, and how, even my mother was brought to confess that she was an honest hearted girl." And, contented with this resolve, Harry at last fell asleep.

Some one or other has said that love is only an episode in man's existence. I wish, with all my soul, that it occupied no more distinguished station in the heart of woman; but my wishing so will not prevent many of the fair sex making fools—and mourning fools too—of themselves as long as the world lasts. After all, what would the worth of

women be—as wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, if their hearts were hardened against the exercise of the affections? The great thing is to direct these affections into a proper channel, and they then become as strong holds, wherein all that is good and noble may be kept in safety.

The window of the little chamber where Moyna slept, overlooked the street, and, finding her kind mistress out when she returned, she seated herself at it, with her Bible open in her hand. She had been taught by her mother to apply to it in all times of danger and distress, and she opened it, with eyes still streaming with bitter tears; the passage she first saw through the mistiness of weeping was one of cheering comfort and consolation; and she paused, intending to think over its singular application to her own case, but, insensibly, she caught herself looking down the street with the one idea in her mind. "Surely he will come to-night—he will not suffer this evening to pass without calling, if it is only to say 'good-bye' properly; he could not think it proper, parting that way in the street, after his mother's harshness." And then again she tried to read her Bible, but the letters danced before her eyes, and her heart beat so loudly that she fancied she could hear its throbbings; "there, that surely

must be him!" and she shrank behind the little curtain lest he should see her watching, and not think it maidenly.

But no, it was not Harry; the evening was closing in—the lamps were lighting, and still he came not. Oh! the bitterness of such moments to a young and unsophisticated heart. She walked up and down the room, recalling all she had said—sifting her memory to discover if any harsh or unjustifiable word had escaped her. Perhaps she had been too abrupt! Perhaps she had forgotten the respect due to Mrs. O'Reardon! Harry—Master Harry surely would not suffer them to part that way without an exchange of blessings. She had still much to say to him, much to tell him, that he ought to beware of some of the company that had gathered round him lately; poor proud Irishmen! beneath even his own caste, yet willing to flatter him in their low way—and Harry loved flattery.

Oh! sure it was not in that fashion they were to part after all! And her love for him the talk of Liverpool; and it put in the papers—and all the likes o' that. It was too dark for her now to look up the street, yet she remained revolving and revolving until she felt her mistress's fingers resting on her shoulder; she had covered her face with her

hands, and was weeping with the intensity of an ardent spirit nearly worn out by anxiety. There is a species of existing kindness between the high bred ladies of Ireland and their servants, which I have looked for in vain in any other country, particularly in England. In England, in fact, it could not be, for the servants tread so closely on the cast-off manners and habits of their mistresses, that, noticing them beyond the ordinary routine of question and command, would destroy the family economy—they would encroach upon any other familiarity; but such is not the case, or rather was not the case, at the period I allude to—some eighteen years ago; there was then a feudal feeling mixed with a deep sentiment of veneration and respect, which prevented the possibility of a servant's stepping beyond the pale, however kindly he or she might be treated by their employers; nothing could make them forget the respect they owed them—they were, in fact, humble, devoted friends, true bondsmen of the affections—ready to serve and slave, and expecting little more than food and kindly words in return. It was with this species of attachment that Moyna Roden regarded her mistress, and her mistress, knowing her gentle affectionate nature, looked upon Moyna as a lowly

but trustworthy friend. They had been almost children together, had gathered flowers from the same stem, had peeped together into the same bird's nest, had sung the same tunes, and the rector's daughter felt increased importance in her own eyes, when instructing so pretty and intelligent a girl as Moyna Roden.

Mrs. Dalrymple often declared that Moyna, if she had opportunities, would be a "*most elegant*" lady's maid, and Miss Dalrymple thought all along —(oh! if Mrs. O'Reardon had but known it!)— that Moyna was too good for Harry, and that, if she could but prevail upon a relative she had in London to take her into her house for a time, Moyna would, in addition to her many excellent qualities, add those accomplishments which, in the station she was calculated for, would insure her a perfect independence. These simple annals of a humble girl cannot interest any but those who are interested in the workings and feelings of *natural minds;* and such could not but regard Moyna struggling with her affection and her sense of right, as an object of deep interest.

"I know, Miss," she said, in reply to Miss Dalrymple's advice; "I know that it would be fitter

for me to put him out of my head entirely; but I can't—that's the worst of it. I knew all along I was gathering misery for myself, but what did I care? the little good I did him took the sting out of my own sorrow; and now, if I thought he'd do well ——"

"Do not talk about him," said Miss Dalrymple; "if it had not been for you, he might have starved; it was your affection and simplicity that interested the gentleman on his behalf—and when he called upon me, after my return, to inquire if your story was really true, he expressed his pleasure at being able to serve Harry, saying afterwards—'I am so delighted at the prospect of making her happy.' I tell you again, Moyna, he must be an ungrateful fellow, and a mean spirited, to suffer his old bigoted mother to insult you!"

"Ah! ma'am, dear, sure it's only natural he should love his mother; the more, in regard of the age; and as to the bigotry, sure he doesn't see that. God forgive him as truly as I do! But he might have bid me good bye, he might have said —— but no matter! Pride hardens the heart of man, and never was it broader nor deeper than in the heart of Harry O'Reardon!"

"I'll tell you what you shall do if you like, Moyna," said her kind friend; "sail in to-morrow's steam packet for dear Ireland, and ——"

"No, no," interrrupted the poor girl, "I'll not go back to my own place to have the people thinking that Mrs. O'Reardon drove me home out of England."

"You would not remain here, I am sure, Moyna," persisted her friend, "after what has passed. You owe it to yourself not to see Harry again—Mrs. O'Reardon would only say that you waited about for her son."

Miss Dalrymple struck the right chord, and awoke Moyna's woman's pride: for she, too, was proud in the right way.

"True for ye, Miss, darling! I won't give her a chance of saying *that* at any rate."

"Right, Moyna! Then I'll tell you what you shall do; you shall go off in the London coach to my cousin, Lady Ellesmere: she had agreed to receive you as an assistant to her own maid, who is to be married in six months; but I did not mention it before, because I thought O'Reardon valued you too much to give you up. Men, in general, appropriate to themselves whatever they think most valuable, but Harry has not acted on this principle!

Your family, I know, will be delighted at your being with a grand family in London. Say you will go, Moyna?"

"And leave you for the could strangers! Oh! it's very hard, entirely, upon me! But so best—so best! God is good, and may be my heart wants hardening. I'll not deny it, I'll do whatever you think best, my dear, kind lady—for, sure I am that the thought of the times gone by, when we were happy as children in the sweet meadows and parks of Linsemead, would hinder you from giving me a bad judgment of any sort or kind. I'll go, Miss," she added; "but you'll not hinder me from writing him a bit of a letter to tell him my mind—that's all, and say good-bye. I'll be easy if you let me do that, and I'll never ask to look on his bright face again! I'll show you the letter when it is done."

Miss Dalrymple gave her permission, and, before Moyna quitted Liverpool the next morning, she committed her farewell to the care of her excellent friend. "He can't but send to see something after me; and if he doesn't, why, still let him have it just for the sake of *the old friendship* I bear him."

"DEAR MASTER HARRY—This comes to bid you good-bye, good luck, and every blessin! We

shall never meet again in this world—so I may tell you that I hope we may in the next, where there's no record kept of people's sir names, and nothing's looked to, except the good and the evil.

"Forgive me, Master Harry, for telling you to beware of many of your countrymen, that blarney you to your face, and want you to be the head and the chairman at their meetings, and drink too much whiskey. My mistress's footman knows all about, and more's than good of, them; and how they bring their ignorant faction fights on the very quays of Liverpool—making themselves the talk of the proud English. Sure you're above that same; nevertheless, they might get round you, for flattery blinds many a wise man's eyes, and it's what they'll be wanting is to get whiskey and the like ashore, and expect you to help them! Take care, if you please, Master Harry, and don't let the temptation of showing you have the power to do it, make you do any thing the law thinks wrong! May be the laws themselves are wrong; I don't know—but any how, even an O'Rearden can't change them. I ask your pardon a thousand times, Master Harry, for trusting my tongue with so much, but I could not help it, because I heard more than I care to tell—only to yourself, just for a warning.

"I pray the Almighty God to power down the heaven's own load of blessings on you, now and for ever. May you never find the world's dealings could, nor its fortunes too hot or too heavy! I forgive the heart scalding you gave myself, not you, but your mother, and pray she may never feel the want of a smile nor a 'God save you kindly' in a strange country.

"And so remain, with all humbleness,

"Dear Master Harry,

"Your friend,

"MOYNA RODEN."

Miss Dalrymple herself gave this epistle into Harry's hand; and she could not help sympathising with his burst of sorrow, when, on the following morning, he found Moyna gone, gone beyond his recalling!

"She talked of my pride!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "She had a good share of her own, I'm thinking, or she would not have flown off at a moment like this."

"I do not know what you mean," replied Miss Dalrymple, calmly; "Moyna is earning her bread in the world as well as yourself; she has been the means of procuring you employment; you, nevertheless, suffer the absurdity of family pride to in-

terfere between you—and she, God knows, gently enough, opposes pride to pride, the modest pride of an innocent woman, which is as taintless as her own purity, and which is all she has to protect her from insult. The good, of course, triumphs over the bad; she leaves you to yourself, and seeks, far from you, an honest livelihood. Inquire of your own heart, O'Reardon, and you will find that it is relieved by her absence."

"As God is my judge, Madam!" he exclaimed, fervently, "you do me wrong; I loved her dearly—love her still, and would marry her to-morrow in spite of all the family pride."

"It is too absurd," interrupted Miss Dalrymple, "to hear *you* talking of family pride. I can forgive your mother, whom I have known so many years, for cherishing the failing as well as the feeling of her youth. But *you*, a man, amongst men whose inheritance (and a glorious one it is for Englishmen!) is a clear head and industrious hands—you, to yield to such phantasies! Why, you deserve a slave whip to be rattled about your ears. A bushel of Irish pride is not worth a grain of English independence; it is the rust that destroys your metal. Believe me, Moyna and you are better

apart; her mind is pliant—yours, I fear, is hardened by prejudice."

Harry stood firm and erect during a reproof which he would not have borne from any other; but Miss Dalrymple was "of a good family," and his heart was softened by sorrow—two motives which kept him silent. "And you won't tell me where she is gone to!" he said at last, while placing the letter within his vest.

"Not at present," she replied; "keep your situation for twelve months, Harry, and if at the end of that time, when I am again in Liverpool, you have preserved an unspotted character ——"

"I hope you're not afraid of my character, ma'am," said Harry, very proudly.

"I fear your *firmness*, O'Reardon, and I dread that your want of English knowledge and English laws may get you into trouble; but," she added, smiling, "you have a talisman within your bosom, and if, in twelve months, you still think of Moyna, why ——"

"God bless you! I forgive you all you have said, just for that one morsel of hope; God bless you, Miss Dalrymple, and don't fear for me!" interrupted Harry; and he left the room, eager to

conceal his mingled feelings from the lady's observation.

Time passed on; nothing could exceed Mrs. O'Reardon's hatred of England and the English—how could she tolerate a country where potatoes were sold by the pound, and there was no respect paid to "good ould families!" She was a complete bar to Harry's improvement; his room was no longer neat, as his English landlady had kept it: it was, to use an expressive Irish phrase, always "Ree-raw," and Mrs. O'Reardon herself was a source of perpetual amusement to those of her neighbourhood with whom she disdained to associate. Harry was proud and distant also, but his pride was dignified—hers, petulant and garrulous; she delighted in mortifying the English, and they were not slow at returning the compliment, so that Harry's home sojourn was any thing but comfortable. His habitual veneration for his mother could not always restrain his temper, and, though his salary had been increased, it was insufficient, from bad management, to the supply of his wants, while married men supported their families respectably on considerably less; this he told his mother, whose invariable reply was, "that she could not let herself down to the low turns of the mane spirited English,

who sould potatoes by the pound, burnt the ends of their candles on bits o' tin, and never had a bit or a sup to give a friend when they came in unawares." This "coming in unawares" was a great evil: "the boys and girls from their ould place" were sure of the bit and the sup, and so were their cousins, and their cousins' friends, to whom Mrs. O'Reardon could abuse the English to her heart's content—mingling her orations with an account of her son's *property*, (which, of course, she exaggerated—wages she disdained to name,) and a display of "tea chaney," gaudy with all the colours of the rainbow, so that they might give a grand account of their prosperity to their neighbours in Ireland; and she also hinted as to the time not being far distant when they would buy back their estate and make it flourish! These meetings threw her into a state of feverish excitement which she *called* happiness, but which left her more fractious than ever. After one of such scenes her son returned, and found her with her elbows on the table, the palms of her hands pressed against her cheeks, and tears streaming over her fingers.

"Your mother will be the first of the O'Reardons who ever turned *natural*," she said, in an apologizing tone; "but I could not help it, Harry."

"Help what, mother?"

Their window overlooked a small square, and Mrs. O'Reardon pointed to a group of children who had brought a quantity of hawthorn boughs covered with its fragrant blossoms into the court—they were poor town-bred things, delighted with their treasure, and were building a sort of bower against the dingy walls. "The smell and the light of the flowers came over me," said the old woman, "like a dream, and I thought of our lost home, and green island, and my heart softened! But shut the window, I'll look on it no more." There are times and seasons with us all—when nature will have her way.

Harry was in a dangerous situation, and Moyna's warning had its reason. At that time glass, whiskey, and various other things imported from Ireland were liable to a duty, and the temptation to smuggling was not always to be restrained.

"Mrs. O'Reardon, ma'am," said one of the old dame's cater cousins, "there's a brother o' my sister's husband's coming over in the packet, and may be he'd have, poor boy, two or three gallons of whiskey, (and sure there's a bottle o' the best for yerself, ma'am,) and a trifle o' glass. As Mister Harry's in the office, sure *he'll just not see it*, and

then he'll not have to confess a lie the next time he goes to the prist's knee."

"My son is very particular," replied his mother, gravely, "you know it's not his own, ma'am."

"Oh! Mrs. O'Reardon, to oblige a neighbour, ma'am, and after my sending word home of the fine place he had, and all the packet captains under his thumb, ma'am! What will the neighbours think if they find my sister's husband's brother stopped for a thrifle of whiskey and two or three bits o' glass, and *he* in it, think o' that!"

"Why, there's no harm in life in such a thing!" said Mrs. O'Reardon, her towering pride roused at the idea of what the neighbours would say. "There can be no harm," she continued; "those English laws are fit for nothing in the world."

"But to be broke, ma'am," chimed in her companion, "nothing else, sure enough, true for you; and in troth! if Mister Harry refused me such a trifle I'd think it very hard of him, so I would, and quite unnatural after his winking at Barney O'Brien's keg, which passed ashore in a bag of wool."

"And pray, ma'am, who informed you of that?" inquired Mrs. O'Reardon.

"I'm not going to turn informer, and tell you my informer, ma'am," replied the cunning crone,

"I'm above such maneness, and I wonder at you, so I do, to even the likes of it to me. No blame to him to do a turn for the blood of the O'Briens, and my blessing on him for it; but blood's stronger nor water, and sure I'm a cousin by his father's side, any way, and no mistake; and though I'm not as grand, may be I'm as good as any O'Brien. Sure it's the talk of the men all over Liverpool, the confidence the gentlemen belonging to the packets have in Mister Harry, and never think of overlooking him in any way."

"The very reason," replied Mrs. O'Reardon, "why they should not be deceived."

"See that, now!" retorted the crone, "the idea I had myself, Mister Harry wouldn't desave mortail! He's as honest as the sun."

"Yet see what you wanted him to do for your people."

"Crass a christhia! And you call that desaving his employers. Oh! Mrs. O'Reardon, ma'am, I thought you war wiser than that; I never thought you *war soft* before, ma'am; sure *that's* nothing to his employers. What better 'ud they be of a drop 'o whiskey or a bit of glass? Sure it's not into *their* stomachs, or on their table it would go; but to the king—the king that never did good to

Ireland, barring the bit of a hullabaloo he riz, the time he'd a' gone there, or any where else, just to get shut* of his wife—one of the popularity plays the English genteels get up to chate the people. The devil give him good of my sister's husband's brother's little sup of whiskey, it shall all go to help clear the dirty Mersey afore he gets it: but no matter—if Mister Harry will not do the genteel turn, I know one that will, and that has tin times his power. There's some people mighty fond of boasting—I'm sure if I'd ha' thought it would be the least inconvenience in life to him, I wouldn't have evened it to you! May be the poor fellow hasn't a firm grip of his place, and it's loath I'd be he should lose it for me or mine; many a man's hog these boastful times isn't worth more than a teaster.† Good morning to you, Mrs. O'Reardon."

The cunning woman gathered her shawl over her flapping shoulders, and was hustling out of the room when Mrs. O'Reardon called her back; the taunt against idle boasting had taken effect—the hint of Harry not being firm in his place had told—the allusion made to the power possessed by others, as being superior to that possessed by her son; all

* "Shut," rid.
† Many a shilling is not worth more than sixpence.

these together operated on Mrs. O'Reardon's pride, and in an evil hour she promised her unworthy gossip that she would really prevail on Harry to perpetrate an illegal act.

The son at first stoutly refused his mother's request; he would have nothing to do with it; it was illegal; and he persisted in his refusal. "To think," exclaimed his mother, "that a clild of mine should ever give in to them English laws. Oh! the times—the times when the word of an O'Reardon was a law, when they could make laws and break laws without so much as with your leave or by your leave."

Harry smiled.

"Ay, grin, do," persisted the mother, "you're not the same boy I nursed on my knee; the heart within you is turned by them English, and you're turning mean, so you are!"

"Mean!" he repeated. "How?"

"Mean and cowardly—cowardly to be afraid to do a good turn for a friend."

"He is no friend of mine," replied Harry, "I never laid eyes on the man in my life!"

"What has that to do with it? Sure he's the friend, to say nothing of the relation, of my friend; but never heed, she's a bad tongued woman and she

knows of the easy turn you did for that unfortunate O'Brien!"

"My God!" exclaimed poor Harry, "and I swore *that* should be the last—and you know, mother, that *was* out of nothing but charity. Well, now, how things get wind!"

"Well, it can't be helped, only she'll be writing home and *bellowering* about the place, and letting on that there's no power in you, and that the good fortune talked about is all a flam. I could put up with their saying you're changed and the likes o' that; but to say, as she will, that there's neither power in your arm, nor trust in your heart—it's too bad, so it is, to have them cock crowing over you, as they will, certainly; them that thought themselves under your feet, and all because you won't help a poor boy to a turn that takes nothing out of a body's pocket, and yet might put a stray English thirteen into his. She'll send it all over Liverpool on a swallow's wing about that O'Brien's little keg. I wouldn't gainsay but what she'd get a bit of a letter wrote to he heads of the ships, saying you did it just out of spite."

Alas! Poor Harry saw and felt, what all transgressors must acknowledge, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte.*" He yielded to the temptation, so

powerfully seconded by his pride; he could not support the idea of being supposed not to possess power, and so consoled himself with a determination that he would not *again* offend. How his heart smote him when he overheard one of the principals in his office say—"Send O'Reardon down to the Shannon, we can depend on him."

Within two hours after these words of confidence on the part of his employer, Harry O'Reardon was again on the stream.

"Go," said the gentleman, when the smuggling was discovered; "I will not proclaim your breach of trust, but you can expect no character from me!"

Harry was too proud to explain or expostulate; but when he entered his room his mother saw the stern agony of despair painted on his countenance—for the first time in her life she trembled at the presence of her son. "Had Moyna been here!" he exclaimed, after a long and rigid silence, that was a thousand times more eloquent than words, "Had Moyna been here, this would not have happened."

Bitterly did she reproach herself, bitterly curse the English, "that had no heart in them."

"Not so," replied O'Reardon, "kind and generous and trusting were they to me. I betrayed their

trust, I deserve to suffer; curse your pride, mother, not them; curse the empty pride of the O'Reardons! You will hardly take pride now, mother, in a banned and blighted name; *I* was cursed as I left the yard—*I!* and by the scum of my own country; the words ring in my ears. 'Falkland,' said my employer to his head clerk, 'there are three Irishmen still in the office; pay each of them a month's wages, and let them seek elsewhere; no Patlander ever withstood whiskey yet.' 'Sir,' said I, trying to speak, 'it was not love of whiskey caused me to sin, it was pride—family pride.' 'Pride!' he repeated, with a scornful laugh, 'oh! yes, that is very likely. I was deceived in you once, O'Reardon, but will not be so again; one who will deceive in act, will lie with the lip—pride, indeed!' And then the discharged men, as I think, out of the yard, cursed me! Oh! If Moyna had been here, this would not have been."

I have said the love that outlives *adversity* is love indeed. Ought I not to have said, 'the love that outlives *prosperity* is love indeed?'

When Harry's salary was increased, when he had, in his humble way, friends to flatter and cajole him, he did not wish half as earnestly for poor Moyna as when he found himself deserted and

blighted, thrown again upon the world. What availed his spirit—his presence of mind—his activity—the determination formed when he was leaving home to conquer difficulties, and elevate himself to a respectable station in a foreign land? He was now worse off than ever—his pride was wounded, deeply wounded, and he knew not how it could be healed. He looked round upon his two rooms, and calculated that the sale of their contents would not a great deal more than pay his debts, (for when was an Irishman out of debt?) and then he looked where his mother sat, rocking herself backwards and forwards on a low chair, the very picture of helpless despair; and again he thought of Moyna, of her clear head, her cheerful smile, her affectionate heart, and again he wished that she had not left him. At last he threw himself on the bed, and fell asleep; and it was touching to see the old woman draw near his couch and cover him tenderly—and then sit weeping by his side, stifling her sobs, and wringing her withered hands in silence.

With the first light of day she stole to the house of his employer, and, seating herself on the steps, waited until the servants got up; so that when Harry awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and his mother was not there. He felt that he had

much to do, and hastily set about performing the painful task he had allotted to himself.

Mrs. O'Reardon waited till the church clocks struck seven, and then she knocked at the door. After a little delay the reply was, that their master was not well; would not get up to breakfast, nor be down stairs till ten o'clock. The footman added the gratuitous intimation, "that master, from *somat* that happened yesterday, had forbid them letting any *Hirish* into the house."

The widow's pride boiled within her, but she kept it down, and waited till the clocks struck ten—when again she appealed for entrance: fortunately for her, one of the gentleman's daughters was in the hall, and, interested by her appearance, permitted her to come in, and even presented her to her father. The feelings of the mother overcame the pride of the woman, and, falling on her knees at his feet, she appealed to his generosity in the wild and eloquent phraseology of her country.

"In our own Ireland, sir," she said, "we had, at one time, at least a quarter of the country—that is, our ancestors had; and, as was natural, the pride descended upon us, though the property did not; and my boy had his share; and if your honour will observe, it was natural he should wish to seem re-

spectable here in England amongst his countrymen, and it was I who begged him to get that whiskey ashore, for the sake of a neighbour."

"My good woman, if it had been his first offence, I could have overlooked it; and I really do not understand how smuggling was to render him respectable."

"That, sir, is because you're English," she replied. "With us it's a credit, not a crime; and oh! sir, sure if the Almighty judge of all things was to turn us out of Heaven, when we get there, for a third or fourth offence, it's hard we'd think Him! I'll own my son was in the fault; but I'm an ould woman, and for the sake of the mother who nursed you on her knee, and whose heart beat for you till her dying day—take pity, and show marcy. It was I put him up to it, that my gossip might think he had power to sarve his countrymen; it was to oblage his foolish, wicked, proud ould mother he did it all. Take pity, sir—show marcy, as you hope for it; if you forgive him, it'll just rivet him into the sort of faithfulness you want. If you think I'm any detriment to him, as it was I gave him the bad advice—though he's dearer to my eyes than the light of heaven, and nearer my heart than the life blood that runs through it—look! I'll

swear upon that book, or all the books that ever war shut or opened, never to see his blessed face again. Put the punishment on *me* that desarves it —and, sure that punishment would be bad enough for murder, never to see my darling boy, the image of his father, never to see him again; but sure any thing would be better than watch him as I did last night, his heart crushed in his breast, and the sighs coming thick and heavy, like a winter's blast, from his lips; an' he sleeping the fearful sleep, whose drames are worse than danger or death. Have marcy! Oh! sir, you don't understand the heat that's in the blood of an O'Reardon. He'll be like a young oak struck with the lightning—green in the morning, and black before noon. Have marcy! Though that marcy be to banish me from my ould heart's home."

"Enough! Enough!" said the gentleman, while his daughter hung weeping on his arm; "get up at once, I will arrange it all for him. I felt assured he was drawn into it; but he must not remain in Liverpool, it would be a bad example, and this smuggling is carried on to such an extent that it must be overcome; but I have a brother settled at New York—one of my own ships sails in a fortnight—let him try his fortune in the new world;

and, bear this in mind, he must leave his pride, as you call it, in the old."

A deadly pallor overspread the widow's face, and she clasped her hands, as if in blessing, but the struggle between pride and duty had been too much for her aged frame. She fainted on the fair girl's arm, who was helping her to rise.

When she recovered, the gentleman was gone, but the young lady's words were indeed a cordial. "Look up, good woman; my father says you shall go with your son to America, for he is sure you have seen the folly of a pride, which, believe me, none of us can understand."

A feeling of pity at her ignorance *did* come athwart the widow's mind, but it was quickly overcome by warm and fervent gratitude. Mrs. O'Reardon quitted the merchant's door a self-satisfied and self-approving woman; her step had regained its firmness. America is the land of promise to the Irish, and she had already built huge castles in the air, which the O'Reardons of future generations were to inhabit; she thought the English gentleman deserved to be an Irish one; and as to the young lady, why, she thought she would have been worthy to be Harry's wife if she had not been a heretic. She thought—she knew not what, until she

arrived at her own room door, and there she saw— not Harry, but two strange men taking down the bedstead; she trembled violently from head to foot.

"Where is my son?" she inquired, in a faltering voice.

"That's more than we can say, Missus," replied one, "but he left this here bit of a parcel for you."

The wretched mother could, and did read the note, which enveloped a sum of money.

"Mother—God bless you! Don't take on so; I suppose it's the will of God. I can never rise my head in Liverpool again, nor indeed, I think, any where else, but, certainly not here; I have sold whatever I had in the world, and paid my debts. Here is enough to take you home, where you have enough to keep you; if I do well, you will hear from me; if not, why, pray for me, mother. Oh! the folly, to say no worse of it, of doing a thing in secret that one's ashamed to be known, of doing a thing behind the sun's back, that his face will make plain. They say my employer will be sure to come round—he's so good; and an Englishman would wait for that, and get rid of his fault; but I can't, the *pride won't let me.* Mother, dear, I bless you for ever. "Your affectionate son till death,

"Harry O'Reardon."

Twilight was over the city, and still Mrs. O'Reardon sat on the only piece of furniture left in that dreary room—her own square box; she sat on its oaken lid, her bony fingers grasping the open letter, upon which her hollow eyes were fixed, though she could not then distinguish either word or sign.

The landlady pitied her, but Mrs. O'Reardon's pride made her almost afraid to show that pity, which was rough and sincere; nevertheless she offered her many courtesies which would not have disgraced more gentle breeding; but the bereaved mother heeded nothing. Her eyes still rested on the paper, and her features were blue and ghastly, as the features of a corpse. At last the kindly woman thought of an expedient to rouse her from her fearful torpidity; she brought in a neighbour's dog which Harry had been very fond of, and the little animal bounded to her side, and licked her cheek; suddenly the flood gates of her soul were opened, she caught the dog to her bosom, and burst into tears.

PART IV.

Why Harry O'Reardon sought London and its vicinity it would be difficult to determine. He fancied, however, that he wished to bid an everlasting farewell to Moyna, and that, having done so, he would immediately leave England for America, and never return to the clime or country of his nativity and of his disgrace. Strange as it may seem, he knew the neighbourhood in which she resided, but was totally unacquainted with the street, square, or place—this fact did not occur to him until the magnificent dome of St. Paul's, with its tributary spires, appeared as the coach whirled along the road leading from Highgate to our metropolis.

"Why did you come to London?" I inquired one day of a poor Irishman, who asked me for charity. "Why did you come to London without friends or introduction?"

"Is it why I come?" he replied, scratching his head; "why, then, sorra a bit of me knows, except it was *to try my luck!*"

I suspect that Harry's motive was much the same

—he thought he would try his luck; and it little mattered to him how or where. That he had not forgotten Moyna I can well imagine: the heart in times of sorrow always reverts to its early affections, even as the dove, finding no place whereon to rest, returned to the ark that had sheltered it from the troubled waters.

How lonely and desolate is London to a stranger!—the thousand countenances bearing the stamp and impress of their Maker's image, and yet expressing no one sympathy or kindly feeling towards him who is utterly alone amid the multitude —the noise, amounting, in the ears of the uninitiated, to absolute tumult—the hurry—the carriages —the ebbing and flowing current of human beings —the palace houses—the hurrying to and fro—the impossibility of moving (until one knows how to move) without jostling one against the other!

Harry was really more bewildered than ever he had been in his life; but having at last got into a public house, and partaken of the very slight refreshment his finances afforded, he inquired whereabouts Kensington was; he knew that Moyna lived some where in its neighbourhood. He was told it was nearly five miles off. He then asked where Woolwich was; he remembered that his mother's

cousin lived there! Woolwich, they informed him, was seven miles in another direction. He resolved to find out Kensington; and, after a bewildered pilgrimage, arrived at Hyde Park corner: he kept straight on for a long time—longer than he ought; for, having missed the proper turning, he found himself, as the sun was setting, at the end of the Old Brompton lanes, where the district known by the name of the Fulham Fields commences—the said fields, be it known, comprise a vast quantity of low ground, lying between the great western road and the river Thames.

I know of no district in the neighbourhood of London which has so completely two distinct characters as the Fulham Fields. The ground is principally occupied by market gardeners, who supply the London markets with fruit and vegetables. In the days of early summer there is nothing more delightful than to ride from the Old Bell at Brompton to the Old Greyhound at Fulham—literally through groves upon groves of apple, pear, and cherry blossoms; the air impregnated by their fragrance—the birds singing in every tree—the labourers busy in the fields—the ploughs at cheerful work—the villas in my favourite lanes, beaming through the rich foliage—while the many frames

and glasses, employed by the industrious gardeners, glitter over the young plants that require care. This is the sunny side of the picture. Now for the dark one.

The population of this highly cultivated district is in a frightful state of demoralization, large and poor families occupy every cottage, every room that is to be obtained. Many of them are from the sister kingdom; and, indeed, I have, during an observation of more than two years, convinced myself that though by many degrees the most dirty and uncultivated in the district, they are by no means so immoral or so disorderly as their English neighbours. The money earned by hard and praiseworthy industry during the day is, in nine cases out of ten, expended in the gin, and more pernicious beer, shops during the night—so that there is nothing laid by for the winter months—and, winter as well as summer, hundreds of unemployed boys and girls, when once the season for "bird-*keeping*" (which, by an odd perversion, means bird-*scattering*) is over—lounge about the lanes and sit under the hedges. As idleness is the mother of mischief it is not to be expected they can come to much good: a greater number of young thieves congregate in North End and Wilham Green, than in any neigh-

bourhood that I know of. I believe the clergymen of the parish do their best, but either the population is too numerous for them to attend to, or they have not as yet discovered the proper mode of instruction. Sabbath breaking is carried on in a most open and frightful manner, and the bishop of London can hardly go out of his avenue without seeing persons openly at work in the fields while the bells are tolling for church. There are many visiting societies, and several ladies make it their business to alleviate the distress of their neighbours, some of whom are doubtless in great poverty—but it is poverty brought on by habits of carelessness and intoxication. I have thought that a well regulated manufactory, where children could be employed, would be a great blessing: it is from the age of ten and eleven, when they leave school, that work suitable to their years becomes absolutely necessary to keep them from vice. It is miserable to look at this highly cultivated district basking in richness beneath the summer sun, and to know how careless of all that is right and holy are the poor instruments who produce this abundance. There is a brewery building now close to St. John's Bridge; I wish some real patriot would erect a manufactory on the opposite bank of the canal, where children

could at once be instructed and employed; and then the flowers and fruits of the Fulham Fields would be as grateful to the heart as they are to the eye.

Harry O'Reardon walked on until he arrived at the St. John's Bridge I have just mentioned. He sat on the wall and looked down—not upon the water, for the tide was out, but upon the mud. There is a wooden rail with two or three posts just below the bridge, and opposite to them some singularly fine trees. I cannot trace the resemblance, but Harry fancied that the rail and the posts looked very like the stile where he bade Moyna his first farewell. He leaned over—his eyes intently fixed upon what to him were objects of great interest. The voices of happy children struck upon his ear, laughing and chattering as they ran along; and then he heard another voice whose tones were familiar to him, though they were more refined than they had once been; he suddenly turned round—he was not deceived—it was Moyna! She had stopped at the opposite side of the bridge, but had passed him. In a moment his pride rose high as ever—she had passed *him*—she must have known him—she could not have forgotten him—he knew her. Yet there she knelt, fastening the riband of a little girl's shoe, while the child's arms pressed so tightly round her

neck that she could hardly perform her task: the little lady called her "dearest and best Moyna," said she was sorry to give her so much trouble, and finally kissed a cheek that was still pale, and a brow more thoughtful yet more calm than ever. Women have a pliability of disposition and manner which is easily moulded into grace: it is difficult, indeed, for a man to throw off the rough impress of vulgar or common place habits: but a young woman (who is much with her superiors) falls insensibly into the ease of good society; and if, added to this aptness, there is a modest and intelligent mind, her improvement will not only be rapid but lasting.

Had it not been for the voice, and the well remembered profile, Harry would hardly have recognised his old friend; she was so neat, so well dressed, so lady like; and the children—evidently those of a person moving in the higher circles—so fond of her; could it really be the tailor's daughter his mother so much despised? She never once turned her head towards him; and yet his proud spirit suggested that she must have seen him. He cast his eyes over his own travel soiled habiliments, and supposed (he knew but little of a woman's heart) that she, in the first moment of recognition, would have looked down upon him, because she was the

better dressed of the two. I should be sorry to form a harsh opinion of Harry, particularly in his troubles; yet I cannot help thinking that he judged of her feelings from his own. *He* had been ashamed, rather ashamed, of Moyna in the days of *his* prosperity; and—the inference is easily drawn!—Harry was brave—Harry was proud—but his mind was not dignified. What say you, gentle reader? "That we do not expect dignity of mind from such as Harry." Your pardon; circumstances may place in advantageous lights all the nobler qualities of our nature, but it is not in the power of circumstances to create them. A truly elevated mind is the most magnificent gift the Almighty bestows—it raises man above himself—and, blessed be God! it is found, at least as frequently, in the cottage as in the palace: "it is not for the world to give it, or the world to take it away."

Harry, therefore, instead of exclaiming "Moyna! darling Moyna!" turned away, and again leaned over the bridge, until the receding footsteps assured him that she and her charge had passed. "My poor mother was right, after all!" he said to himself in bitterness of heart; "she's nothing but an upstart. Not see me—not know me—how could she be off knowing me—did not I know her!"

Harry quite forgot that he had seen her face while she was stooping, and that all she could have perceived was a human figure leaning over St. John's Bridge. He could not avoid looking after her, but his love, if such it deserved to be considered, was for the time all wormwood; and he commenced casting one pebble after another into the dry canal.

"Why thin, God save you kindly, and more power to your elbow, for that last was a bad throw, I must say," exclaimed a full—ripe—rich Waterford brogue at his side; and turning round, he saw the good humoured face of a Fulham Fields' basket woman, smiling benevolently at his idle pastime.

"I knew it—that is, I didn't know it—only I was sure of it—sartin of it—would have taken my oath of it upon the Cross, even if I hadn't seen your beautiful face, that it was no other but yourself—and you in Liverpool all the way—that is, *was* in it."

These long and highly toned exclamations were delivered with corresponding gesture by a person whom Harry had already recognised as a travelling vender of eggs and poultry, who had been sometimes charitably accommodated in his Irish home with bed and board—namely, clean straw and po-

"I knew you by the tip of your ear, and the proud way you ever and always had of drawing yourself up as if the nobility was behind you; and sure it's myself is glad to see you. You come to London, I suppose, for pleasure, for I heard tell of you by one who knowed how grand you were in Liverpool; and as I come over from Mr. Derinzey's (I do a hand's turn in his garden from six in the morning till six at night, God help me) I see you—that I didn't think you, till you flung down a stone, and then it struck me (not the stone, you know, but yourself)—that's Master Harry, sis I—no, it can't be, sis I—but it is, sis I again; rasoning this away, where u'd you meet with his fellow, sis I—amongst these rackshaws of English, sis I—(easy to myself, for there's no good in spilling the milk you have to drink)—and then I thought I'd make bould to spake—sure my heart's in my mouth ever since."

Harry knew of old that Peggy Graham was an errant, if not a most mischievous, gossip, but he did not exactly know how to get rid of her.

"Thank you, Peggy. Is it far to Kensington?" he inquired.

"To Kensington! Why, thin, is it to Kensington you are going?" she said, replying, after the true Irish fashion, to one question, by asking another.

"Is it far?" he repeated.

"How can I tell you, machree, until you tell me what part you wants? Is it the Square, or the High street? Lord save us! Sure it's not exciseman, or something like that, you'd be to the Palace."

Harry smiled. "Nothing so good, Peggy, I assure you."

"Well, I thought you'd be above the law to the last; but I'll tell you what—— Nelleen!" she shouted, at the top of her voice; and from out a hole in the paling crept a child, dirty and ragged as need be. "Nelleen, go home to the father that owns you, and tell him we met with a true born gentleman, Mister Harry O'Reardon, from Liverpool and Ireland; and that he lost his way, and that I'm stept out just to find his own place for him in Kensington."

"Peggy!" interrupted Harry.

"Whisht, now! it's no trouble in life; if it was twelve o'clock at night I'd go with you every foot of the road, for the sake of ould times, and the ould country. And," to the child, "tell him to behave himself, and that he'll find——"

"Peggy," again interrupted O'Reardon, "you misunderstand me, I have no place in Kensington, I am not going to Kensington; and I only wanted to

know how far Kensington is from where we stand."

"Why, thin, sorra a bit o' good it would do you to know, and you not going there," she replied, with provoking *nonchalance.* "Any way, I don't know myself, their little bits o' miles ain't worth the counting. If you ain't going to Kensington, where do you bide?" she inquired again; and then added, "but I'm up to you now, Masther Harry, may be ye think I don't know where *Miss* (Miss, to be sure) Moyna Roden stops; may be ye think I don't remember ould times; may be ye think I don't know what a pet she's made of, far before a servant; and may be I didn't see her walking this way."

These words were daggers to Harry; he looked enraged, and, without deigning a reply, turned from Peggy Graham; but she was not so to be repulsed.

"Sure it's not angry with a poor craythur like me you are," she said, soothingly; "sure it isn't! My tongue was never settled tight and tidy in my head like another's; but I mean no harm for all that; only tell me where you bide, that I may sometimes see, and bless you, (for many's the warm welcome I had by your hearth stone,) and if you're grown grand——"

"I'm not grown grand, as you call it," said Harry, touched by her kindly tones; "but I'm worn and weary. Is there no house near where I can get a bed for to-night? To-morrow I hope to leave London."

"A bed!" she repeated. "Why, thin, to be sure—isn't there my bed? Sure, myself and my husband, and the children, can sleep as *sonsy* on the ground; and it's a good bed, too."

"Stop," said Harry—it is not easy to stop the torrent of Irish hospitality. Chatterer and mischief maker she certainly was; but the virtue of her country dwelt under the red tiles of her English cottage, as warmly as it did beneath the mossy thatch of her Irish cabin. At length, Harry convinced her that he could go to an inn; and, after much dispute, she gave up the point.

"Oh, yes, there were inns, to be sure; he could be mighty snug at the Crown, or very grand at the Swan; and if he couldn't be comfortable, sure she'd go and wait on him herself—that she would."

"Well," thought she, "though he's so stiff and so stately, and will go by himself, and all that, I'll be even with him—that I will. I'll steal into the kitchen, and tell them who's the customer I sent them; that he's of dacent people. Why should I

lose the credit of sending a customer to that or to any house?"

Peggy's disposition to investigate and interfere did not end here. She had long since known where Moyna resided; and as she saw that Harry was not at all inclined to communicate with her on any subject, she thought she'd just stray off the Kensington way, and let Moyna, "fine as she was," know that she knew "what's what." It was not the first time she had made herself known to Moyna; for she was as cunning as an Irish magpie, and resembled the bird, I am sorry to confess, in more than one of its peculiarities.

Having obtained an interview with Moyna, she opened her proceedings with considerable tact.

"It was a beautiful evening, honey; and I hope you had a pleasant walk. Why not?—You're all as one as a lady, now."

"Not quite," replied Moyna, smiling.

"Well, you look like one, any how, as I always says."

"Then I am sorry for it," said the right minded girl; "for I must look like what I am not, and that would be deceptive."

"You're grown too English, entirely, for me," observed the flatterer, rather scornfully. "Only, I

am sure you had a pleasant walk. Sure, every one sis how you're trated like one of the family."

I certainly am, Peggy, and therefore I must not waste their time; so if you have nothing particular to say to me, I will wish you good evening."

"Lord save us! how short you take a body up; but may be you're ashamed to be seen talking to so poor a body as myself?"

"Not, Peggy, if it would do you any good."

"*Me* any good!—troth, no; it was to do *you* good I come—to tell you where one you know of lodges."

"One I know of!" exclaimed Moyna, astonished. "What do you mean?"

"Bathershin! is it that way you treat an ould friend?—try to blindfold her! Very well, Miss—oh, very well! So I'm to know nothin' about it!"

"I really do not know what you mean!"

"Oh! in course, you know nothin', to be sure, about meetin' Master Harry O'Reardon on St. John's Bridge this evenin'."

"Harry O'Reardon!—St. John's Bridge!" exclaimed Moyna, in a tone so evidently sincere, that the shrewd woman saw at once they had not met.

"Well, it's mighty quare, so it is," she said. "I'll take mee oath I saw you make to the bridge,

and not fifteen minutes after, while you war still in sight (if my eyes war where they used to be,) I spoke to Harry O'Reardon, and walked with him to the Crown, where he now is!"

"My God!" murmured Moyna. "And how did he look?—What did he say?"

"Why, he looked neither one way nor t'other, you see; neither well nor ill, but dreadful sulky and proud!"

"What did he say?"

"Sarra a much—just as little as he could help—kept bothering about the way to Kensington, and it straight forenint him."

"Did he—did he," inquired Moyna, hesitatingly, "say any thing about me?"

"About you!—Why, thin, is it in downright earnest you are, that you passed Harry, and Harry you, without a word? Why, he was leanin' over the bridge, so he was!"

Moyna's thoughts had been so occupied, that she had no remembrance of the fact; but the idea that Harry had seen and passed her, without recognition, was too painful to support. She astonished Peggy by wishing her a determined and abrupt good night.

"Why, thin," grumbled the disappointed news-

monger, as she left the house, "a purty fool I made o' myself dancin' after the pair of them this blessed night, and not a word o' news out of either; only as dry and as chokin' as March dust, just as if I didn't remember the love they onct had to one another! Still Masther Harry had the full and plenty o' heart and hand onct, and I mustn't forget that to him; but as for her, sure England's not the place to have the black drop taken out of a Protestant any way!"

And away went Peggy back to the Crown, where all she could learn was, that "Masther Harry" had gone to bed.

I left his mother sitting in sad and silent anguish in her son's deserted room, until roused by the caresses of the little dog he had been kind to. Her mind, when divested of prejudice, was still firm and energetic; and, with all her keen perceptions quite alive, she set forth to the different coach offices, and at length ascertained the conveyance by which Harry departed for London. She conjectured that, come what would, he would seek Moyna to bid her farewell. She succeeded in obtaining her address, and then she entertained every hope that she should be able to communicate to her son the happy change which had taken place in his circum-

stances, through the benevolence of his employers. Such was the old woman's activity, that she left Liverpool twelve hours after his departure, and as Peggy presented herself to Moyna in the evening, so did Mrs. O'Reardon present herself to her astonished sight the next morning.

"I'll not let her suppose I'm down in the world," thought the widow, proud as ever, and so she drove to the house in a cab.

Mrs. O'Reardon was entirely unprepared for the alteration which a short time and much attention had wrought in Moyna, and it was with an involuntary feeling of respect—not to Moyna, but to the person who wore such good clothes, and received her in such a room—that the proud widow curtsied—times were changed. "I came to ask," she said at last, "if you know where my son is, and if you do, and have any feelin' for the agony of a mother's heart, I hope you will tell me?"

"After what passed at Liverpool," replied Moyna, "it is not likely that I should know any thing of your son, but though I have not seen him, I heard that he slept last night at the Crown. A poor woman whom you may remember in Ireland, Peggy Graham, knows all about him, I will write you her direction."

Moyna did so, and opened the door for her visiter's departure. The natural generosity of Mrs. O'Reardon's disposition was struggling with the acquired prejudices of her life—prejudices so long indulged, that they had become a second nature; generosity, however, was the first impulse, and there was no time for the triumph of prejudice. When Moyna had finished speaking, Harry's mother extended her hand to her, and said, "I believe if Harry had married you, he would have been a happier man this day than he is; take this news, and my blessing with it, Moyna Roden, and may God keep you in grace, for I think he marked ye for good from the first!"

The flush of triumph for a moment brightened poor Moyna's cheek, but the heart knew its own bitterness, and she returned to her occupation with an anxious and disturbed spirit.

Mrs. O'Reardon proceeded, in the machine she had hired, to the Crown; but the unfortunate woman had only been accustomed in her bygone days to the accommodation of a car, with a feather bed turned into it, upon which she could sit, and from which descend quietly when her journey was ended. In quitting the ricketty carriage (which seems invented for the express purpose of destroying the

lives of his Majesty's liege subjects) her eagerness was so great, that her foot caught in the step, and she was carried, with a broken leg and in a state of insensibility, into the very chamber her son had occupied but an hour before. It was piteous when she recovered her senses to hear her lamentations; she seemed to lose all care for herself in overwhelming anxiety for her son—"Could no one tell her where he was gone? could no one inform her?" She sent for Peggy, but Peggy, to her deep sorrow and vexation, was as ignorant of his movements as herself. What could she do? the people of the inn hinted, with great propriety, that her removal to an hospital would be absolutely necessary; but against this her pride revolted—"*She* go to an hospital—she would die first." Peggy was almost as indignant as herself; "the O'Reardons," she asserted, with positive knowledge to the contrary, but urged to the falsehood by the love of boasting; "the O'Reardons had full and plenty to pay every doctor, and every body in England, and why shouldn't they, if they liked it?"

"No reason against that," said the chambermaid, pert by virtue of her office; "no reason against that, Mistress Peggy. We always *hear* of the plenty of Ireland, and about some body being en-

titled to something (a great deal, of course) when some body dies; yet I don't know how it is, when they get the something from some body, they never come near *us*."

There was too much truth in this not to be resented; the Irish woman had the wit and the English woman the wisdom, and forthwith commenced a war of words which would have terminated in a war of another character, but for the timely interference of the landlady.

A few days passed, and the aged sufferer was growing worse and worse; her bodily agony was exceeded by her mental anguish, and both were grievous. The English, fortunately for themselves, have no idea of pride in those who have to contend with poverty; and as it was evident that Mrs. O'Reardon's worldly goods were of very limited extent, the people with whom she sojourned, and who were bound to her by no earthly tie, thought it expedient that she should be removed to St. George's Hospital.

Peggy Graham felt assured that such a measure would shorten her days, and resolved upon telling Moyna the sad story. "Even," thought she, as she trudged along the pretty green lane leading to Kensington; "even if it forces all belonging to me to

sleep with the pig instead of in the English bed we've got, I'll put up with it, sooner than she should go to be made an *ottomy* of to plase the doctors; may be my new young lady will be too fine, but I'll try her, any way."

Moyna had lived on, poor girl, since she heard of Harry's being in the neighbourhood, haunted by a feverish dread or anxiety (she harldy knew which) that she might see him. She would have reasoned like a philosopher on the propriety of any other person, so circumstanced, going to the hospital; but Harry's mother—alas! she loved him still too well, and in a way too Irish to suffer that.

"Tell the people at the inn I will pay the expenses!" she exclaimed generously.

"No, that could not be done now. Mrs. O'Reardon had taken such deep offence at the 'hospital proposal,' that go from the house she would."

"I'll tell you what," says Peggy, "it's where she would be most comfortable, just in my bit of a place—it's more like Ireland; and I'd give her up the inner room entirely, if you'd engage to pay the doctor, and find her in the bit and the sup?"

It does not need a gorgeous chamber and well dressed actors to play a tragedy; there was enough of it without such aids in the rude, unfurnished

room where the dying widow lay, attended at intervals during the day by Peggy and Peggy's children, and at night by Moyna Roden.

"God's blessing on you!" she said on the third night the noble minded girl had waited by her bed side; "God's blessing on you—I watch for the sound of your step, until my heart stops beating, and then I wonder *when* you will come, instead of thinking, as I ought, *how* you can come. Moyna, I hated you once, but I love you now."

"If you will not talk, I will tell you something," she said smiling; and those who know her history and her heart, will know how hard it was for her to smile on such a subject. "My mistress has got an advertisement put in the papers, saying that if your son will call at a place in the city, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"She hasn't named him by name, has she?" inquired the old woman, peering into her face.

"She would have done so, but I requested her to put only 'If H—— O'R——,' and word it so as to be only understood by himself."

"The blessing of God on you for that, above all other things!" exclaimed the widow. "Look, Moyna—death I know is griping at my heart—but he shan't have me till I see Harry—yet I'd rather

give him up my last breath without a struggle more, than have *his name* disgraced by being put in a common paper—where the name of an O'Reardon never was before!"

The accident and over excitement, working upon the extreme age of the proud woman, reduced to absolute dependence on those she had so long despised, were evidently hurrying her to her final home. And it was pitiable to think of her last breath mingling with the breeze of a strange land!

Moyna never saw her, during the fifteen nights she watched by her bed side, enjoy an hour's repose; every step, every noise in the street, she fancied to be occasioned by her son returning; still he came not. She had concealed from Moyna the fact of his disgrace and the kindness of his benefactors—she could not bear the idea of her knowing his weakness; and though Moyna had heard it all from Miss Dalrymple, her delicacy obliged her to keep the secret of her information from the dying mother. It was a beautiful picture of genuine virtue—to see that girl watching the couch of one who had caused her so much sorrow—whose pride had wrecked her little barque of happiness. During the day she laboured in her situation; at night repaired to that noisome room, to minister to the wants of

the forsaken widow. Her employers (who knew the affectionate history of her simple life) respected her high souled charity too much to oppose her wishes; and even Peggy was subdued to deferential silence.

"I don't know what to make of her, Mike," she said to her husband. "Why she even paid the priest; and I can't think she has any great notion of Harry himself—for she never speaks of him ——"

"Augh!" replied Mike; who seldom ventured an observation in the presence of his eloquent wife.

"Can you come at the knowledge of her mind, Mike—you used to be purty cute?"

This was an extraordinary compliment, and Mike looked astonished, while he replied, "She's just something above the common."

"Augh, y'e great gaby, what news you bring us! —sure I knew that myself."

"Well!" replied the husband, in a tone between meekness and defiance; "since ye'r so knowing, I wish ye'd know how to let me alone."

Peggy snatched from his hand the pipe he was in the act of putting to his lips, and placing it in her own mouth, exclaimed—"I tell you what it is, Mike, I'll put up with none of your tyrannizing—

so go to bed, and hould yė'r tongue, there's no rest nor pace with it day or night—click clackin'!—click clackin'! like a Leprehawn's hammer!—Didn't Moyna herself say to me last night—keep the house quiet, sis she, and then may be the poor woman would get a wink o' sleep. How can I keep the house quiet, sis I, and that noisy man o' mine in it?"

Mike was very different from the tribe of ordinary husbands: he did as he was bid; but to be sure he had served a twenty years' apprenticeship to the most overbearing of her sex—and as she never idled—relaxed her labours, or felt peaceably inclined—it is not to be wondered at if he was well schooled in the duty of obedience.

* * * * *

"Moyna! what did the clock last strike?" inquired the poor sufferer, trying to raise herself up in bed.

"Four," replied Moyna.

"Not so much, did it?—Not four, surely? Moyna, I had a dream; and I know by it I shall die at six. I heard the doctor whisper Peggy last night, that I could not live twenty-four hours more, but it's little I'd think o' that—but for the dream. 'Bear up,' says the blessed Virgin herself to me;

'bear up,' says she, and smilin' like the sun over a bed o' lilies: 'bear up; make a clean breast, and I'll lead you into heaven,' she says; 'away from the world,' she says. 'When the clock strikes six, let the window be opened, and be ready, and you'll see my shadow waiting for you in the sky!' And, Moyna, it was on the tip of my tongue to ask her about Harry, but she was gone. Moyna, I must tell you now, though I never did before, of the reason of Harry's leaving Liverpool."

"No, no—I know it," she replied. "Do not think of that now. I knew all about it from Miss Dalrymple. And I know what the gentlemen offer to do; and if I should see him, he shall learn it all. Put the world and its concerns far from you now. Shall I send again for the priest?"

"Moyna, it is easy to *say* put the world's concerns from one; but, Moyna, you have never been a mother. To leave him in prosperity would have been hard—to leave him in this uncertainty—— Oh! Moyna, Moyna! I *cannot* pluck my heart from off him." She remained silent for some time, and then said—"The morning is passing fast, and I have not thanked nor blessed you. To know *that* all the time, and never to hurt me by it! Oh, Moyna, if I could go on my knees to you I would, to

ask you, if my poor boy ever should come in your way, to spake kind to him—to let him see your heart as he once saw it. You would have saved him from what I drew him into. I'm sure he loves you still."

"No, no—that is all past. I began by considering your son my friend—I will end with the same belief. Whatever I *might* have been, I am certainly unfitted now to be his wife. Regard him I ever shall, but——"

"There, there," interrupted the widow—a spark of her former pride rekindling within her. "You need not spake the word. I do not want to hear him refused by you, or," she added, "by any one. No more about it. Oh, holy cross! that I should be so punished—to die, far away from the graves of my people—to die, among strangers—to die, without a hand I loved to close my eyes—to die——"

Moyna, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, burst into tears.

"Now," exclaimed the miserable mother, with a total alteration of manner; "now, am I not a wretched woman! to draw tears from the eyes whose bames have warmed and lighted me, when there was no other warmth or light near? Forgive me, darlint; but the Lord may not forgive me as

soon as you will! Oh, that I had thought less of the world's pride than I did! Now that the pitcher is emptied, I see how much was wasted! Oh, Moyna, Moyna! if I could have looked on him once more! If I could only know that I wouldn't be cast into the earth like a dog, without one belonging to me to walk at my head; and may be the boords of my coffin too thin to keep out the red worms, and the hungry things that watch to feast upon the dead! I, that lived independent, to think that my bones should have to thank an English parish for a shroud!"

"No, no—do not disturb yourself about that," said Moyna. "I will not suffer it—I will provide all that may be necessary; and, sure, at the year's end, God will not let me be the poorer, because I laid out some of what he gave me in the way He would desire. Sure, you needn't look high about it, ma'am; you've done me a deal of justice, and made me contented with myself, and think I've done my duty; and the God that hears me knows it's the truth I'm telling, when I say, that if He had spared you, I would have rejoiced to be able to let you want for nothing, all as if I had belonged to you by the law; but the law of kindness is far before any other. And so now rest content, and

any thing you leave with me to do, I will—any thing *but the one.* I would swear to it, only that you always said, even long ago, that Moyna Roden's word was truth."

The clocks chimed five.

"God reward you—I can't," said the dying woman; "my sight grows dim, and I have but an hour to live. A weary on this crushed limb! I feel as if I could sit up and even move, but for it; but it drags me down—down to the grave! Oh! it's been cruel torture, but I feel no pain of it now, only the weight."

The minutes of the time that followed were to Moyna as hours. Mrs. O'Reardon became restless, impatient, wandering; instead of losing strength or consciousness, she appeared to gain both. Yet her voice, which she used unceasingly, was as a voice from the sepulchre; and her face, of which every feature had been changed by pain, was as the face of a corpse rising in its ghastliness from the grave. It would be right and useful for the gay and thoughtless to watch for an hour by the death bed. We may think and read of such things, but we must *see* them to understand their terrors.

I had hardly numbered fourteen summers, when, at the request of a dear and honoured relative, I

sat, during a short warm night in June, (the last of *her* living nights,) by her bed side. She had been a woman of singular beauty, and of strong imagination and affections; to look upon, she was the most magnificent person I ever saw—to converse with, the most interesting—and her wild, warm generosity of disposition made her, though born in another land, the beloved and venerated of a true hearted peasantry, whose interests were to her as her own. Her youth had long been passed, still she was, oh! how beautiful! They said that she was dying, and I remember feeling my flesh creep, and yet keeping my eyes fixed upon her marble features, watching to see death come. A love of flowers had been one of the darling passions of her life, and while, as I thought, she slept—just as the sun tinted the morning clouds—I stole to the flower garden, and gathered my lapful of bright summer flowers—roses, and heliotropes, and myrtle, and snow white lilies—and, returning, placed them on her pillow, and near her long fingers, which were spread upon the coverlet. She opened her eyes, looked at me and at the flowers, and smiled; and then I remember shuddering, while I gazed, to see the fixed and glazed expression of those open eyes, and I stole near an old and faithful servant and whispered, "Is

Death coming?" and she answered, "He is come!" I fell on my knees and hid my face; I had expected the mighty tyrant in his terrors, and I had heard prayers offered, fervent and frequent prayers, that, having suffered as she had for four long years, the death struggle might be short; but, struggle!—there was none! Yet the sudden stillness—the calm, the deep, deep silence—broken at once, when her departure was made known, by the wail of the servants and the agonised groans of a bereaved husband! I grew old and sage in that brief time, and often now, though years have passed, her glazed eyes and marble features start up before me, and I feel my blood creep coldly through my veins, as it did in those well remembered moments. Oh! a death bed, whether calm or turbulent, can never be forgotten! The plunge from life into eternity is indeed fearful, but truly fearful to those who have neither the light of faith nor hope, to show them what that eternity is.

When the clock struck six, Mrs. O'Reardon's moans and exclamations suddenly ceased; her finger pointed eagerly towards the window, which Moyna opened. Light fleecy clouds were floating beneath the arch of heaven. The dying woman raised herself from her pallet—stretched her clasped hands

towards them—exclaimed "There! there!" sunk back, and expired.

Her life, like the lives of many of her country, had been excited and stormy; and so was her death! Moyna Roden performed her promise faithfully.

Several years passed her, and she heard nothing of Harry. Moyna had prospered exceedingly; she had visited her home, contributed to the comforts of her family, and, if truth must be told, lingered in the lane and wept bitterly at the stile where she and Harry parted. Her mistress had bequeathed her a handsome legacy, but she could not, after the habits acquired in England, return and dwell with her own people. Her heart yearned towards those to whom she owed so much, and her fidelity and truth secured her a sincere welcome when she re-entered their household.

It was pleasant to hear her cheerful voice and observe her kindly care. The young ladies looked up to her in all household matters, as a second mother; and Moyna was an acknowledged treasure. *Why* she never married? was a question now but seldom asked; and all the saucy young girls of her acquaintance had dubbed her a confirmed old maid. She had not seen our acquaintance Peggy for some time, though that person still vegetated in the Ful-

ham Fields. Still did she labour, poor creature, unceasingly; though the curse of early habits hovered over her, and prevented her rising either in the moral or the intellectual scale. Her family altogether were receiving five times the sum they could earn in Ireland, yet living but little better than in their own land. Spending much upon low finery, and nothing upon comfort. Loved by some, not respected by any, Peggy and Peggy's family were precisely the sort of Irish family that Miss Martineau would seize upon to illustrate the evils of over population, and exactly such as I would rather not talk about, because I could say but little to their advantage. It is impossible to imagine any thing morally worse than low Irish habits grafted upon low English ones; and Moyna, finding that Peggy went on "never heeding" and "seeing about" instead of doing, gave her up, as she had been obliged to do many of her poor country women, in despair!

Peggy, however, had evidently been laying in wait for her one Sunday evening, at the hour she usually went to church.

"God save you kindly!" exclaimed her cracked voice, as Moyna came to where she was leaning against a post, her arms folded in her Sunday red

shawl, her bonnet flattened by the pressure of market baskets, into a shape peculiar, I believe, to basket women; and one foot resting upon the other—the established lounging position of Irish peasants.

"God save you kindly—my eyes are wore out of my head watching that gate!"

"Oh, Peggy! why did you not ring and ask for me?"

"Ax at a house like yon, for you? Augh, Miss Moyna, I know better than that; keep your distance, says the moss rose to the blackberry, when he called her cousin!"

Moyna smiled; she had learned that to argue to any good purpose with an Irish peasant, wit becomes a necessary auxiliary to wisdom—laugh with them, or cause them to laugh, and you carry your point; but as for cold, quiet reason, they know how to turn your gravest truths into a jest, and unless you are prepared with a skilful jest in exchange, wit overturns poor wisdom. Moyna was not in a witty humour, so, as I have said, she only smiled, and waited Peggy's communication, which (she judged rightly) would not be long coming.

"I took a turn to the strong box in the city, to see a neighbour's child that the police have cotcht

just for nothing, and who do you think I saw there?" she inquired, looking eagerly at Moyna.

Moyna Roden felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. She never met Peggy that past scenes and past events were not recalled to her mind; and now, though she made no reply, the expression of her countenance satisfied the woman that she was understood.

"Sure enough," she continued, "there he was—lonely and proud, as if he was standing on the top of Carickburn, wid no companions but the clouds."

"To come to this," murmured poor Moyna, with ill suppressed agitation; "to come to this—he that was so high in his mind and notions, to come to this!"

"Aigh e voya! sure there's no passing one's luck," exclaimed Peggy, for the Irish are as great fatalists as the Turks. "It was before him, so it was, poor boy, from the first."

"Of course you did not make yourself known to him," said Moyna; her natural delicacy revolting at the idea of the prying eyes of one so coarse and common penetrating his distress.

"In coorse I did though—why shouldn't I? 'Masther Harry,' sis I, goin' up to him, 'I'm above

all pride,' I sis, 'and give me your hand,' I sis, 'all as one as if you warn't here,' I sis. My dear, he turned as black as mee brogue when it's clean (savin' ye'r presence,) and afther a minute, as red, and thin as white—and I was goin' to turn away, whin he held out his hand—Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's little we know what's before us."

"Little, indeed," groaned Moyna.

"Why the Lord save us," ejaculated Peggy, "I wouldn't have tould you on the suddent, if I'd ha' thought it would turn you that colour, Miss, honey!"

"Go on," she replied, "I am quite well now."

"Afther a bit," resumed the gossip, "he tould me how the mornin' he left the Crown—that unlucky day he found out a relation of his mother's at Woolwich; and from all I could gather, I think he led him to no good—but he's very close. He writ home after a time, and heard from there the news that his mother was dead; and would y'e believe, he said the thought of her death was a great relief to his mind. By *that* I judged he had had a dale of trouble, to rejoice that one he loved so much was gone out of the world! but, my dear, he knew nothin' of the purticklers till I tould him."

"You surely," interrupted Moyna, in a tone of

deep feeling, "did not tell him of his mother's distress?"

"Faix I did—make ye'r mind easy— I *incinsed* him into every thing about her poverty and your goodness, and——"

"My God, my God, Peggy! how could you be so lost to every feeling of propriety?"

"Propriety!" repeated Peggy, bristling like an angry cat. "Propriety, Miss Moyna! I've been a vartuous, honest, hard working woman all my life, and niver heard a word said against my propriety or dacency before; and niver look't to it from you."

"You misunderstand me, Peggy. I meant that you must have wounded Harry's feelings," said Moyna, anxious to avert the storm.

"Wounded his feelings! Faix, I wish that was his worst wound—sure, he's wounded in the arm! Oh, thin, don't look so down. I'm sorry for him; only it was nothing to be ashamed of after all—a scrimmage with some of those dirty police below Blackwall, about some smuggling. I heard from one who knows, that he and his relation did more smuggling along the coast o' Kent and the French coast, than any ten. 'If that's all,' sis I, 'he's shown a dacent spirit to the last; there's nothing in that to disgrace any gentleman, as you'd say your-

self, if you knew ony thing of Connamara.' 'He may swing for it,' sis the one I mean. 'Plase God, no!' sis I; but I wanted to tell you how, that whin I got to the end of my story, he had covered his face with his broad hand, and his gray hair (for it's as gray as my own now) was streaming over it, and yet I saw the tears raining like hail through his fingers. 'She was ever an angel,' sis he; 'too good for me,' sis he, 'and God knew it. As you know where she lives,' sis he, 'take her this.' He drew a lock of hair, which I guessed, from the colour, was your's, from his bussem, and parted it in two halves. 'Give her this,' sis he; 'she will mind when she gave it me, and she will see also, that, bad as I have been, I have taken care of that token. Ax her, for the sake of the love she once bore me, to come here on Monday at two; I want to spake to her once more in this world—I dare not hope to meet her in the next!' Take the hair," added Peggy: "see, it's your own." She held it to the braid that banded Moyna's forehead. "My God!" exclaimed the woman, while the tears gushed to her eyes—"*you* are gray as well as him: he with the sin—you with the sorrow. Oh, it's a weary world!"

* * * * *

Moyna Roden did not feel the shame of entering that sepulchre of sin which yawns in the midst of our great city. *He*, despite the events of years—*he*, the long cherished of her heart, was there. He had been before her as a dream that night, in the freshness of youth, and the brightness of an unblemished reputation. She now saw him sinking beneath premature old age, and a blighted character.

"It was pride, Moyna—pride from the first," he said, when the agitation of their meeting had subsided. "Pride that made me leave my country, where, if I had condescended to go as steward to the estates, which had fallen into other hands, I might have been rich and respected, as he who accepted what I refused. It was pride made me, in Dublin, scorn the king's service. It was pride made me ape the condition of a gentleman in Liverpool. It was the pride of office made me sacrifice its honesty. It was pride that drove me thence—I was ashamed of the discovery, not of the sin. I found my mother's relative a scoffer at the law, yet rich. Long have we carried on the traffic; but, believe me, had I known of the offer my poor mother bore, I would not now be here. My character was gone—I could not starve—I could not

beg—I had not the means to reach America at first.——Had you spoken to me!"

"I did not see you—how could you think I did?" said Moyna.

"It is all over now," he answered. "The only consolation I have is, that though my crime is illegal—*there is no meanness connected with it—I laboured in the bold free trade!*"

Moyna's heart was filled with pity for his misfortunes. "Thank God!" she whispered to herself, as he traced his errors back to their great origin—"he sees it now"—but his concluding sentence forced her back to the belief "that it is easier to ride a dolphin through the sea than uproot the false pride which grows with Irish growth, and strengthens with Irish strength." He fancied he had grown humble: no—he had only been unfortunate. His *reason* was convinced—his *feelings* remained unsubdued.

"Let us not talk of the past," murmured Moyna, as he poured out his acknowledgments—"let us think of the future. Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," he said, and his eye kindled, "Yes, Moyna, we shall meet no more. This very night, three of us have planned an escape. Ay, you may

scan the walls high as they are—we shall overstep them! Once free—I leave England for ever! Will you not pray for my escape." She turned away her face to weep. "I know you will—I know you will. I have entrusted you with my secret—and—if my prayers—my gratitude prevailed at all"——He could not finish his sentence. Moyna pressed her purse into his hand at parting, and he had not time to return it ere she was gone.

The next morning she hurried into the city—watching like a poor criminal for his sentence—to hear the news. It was soon heard: people were talking at the corners of the streets of the daring *attempt* of three prisoners to escape from Newgate. One got clear off—one was retaken—one, *whose arm was in a sling*, fell from off the wall, and was killed upon the spot.

"Hunger," says the proverb, "will break through stone walls." So will the love of woman!

"Let me have that body—that I may bury it," said Moyna to the keeper.

"Was he your husband, or your brother?"

She could not reply—her eyes were fixed upon the rigid form and features to which her heart had clung—through evil report, and good report.

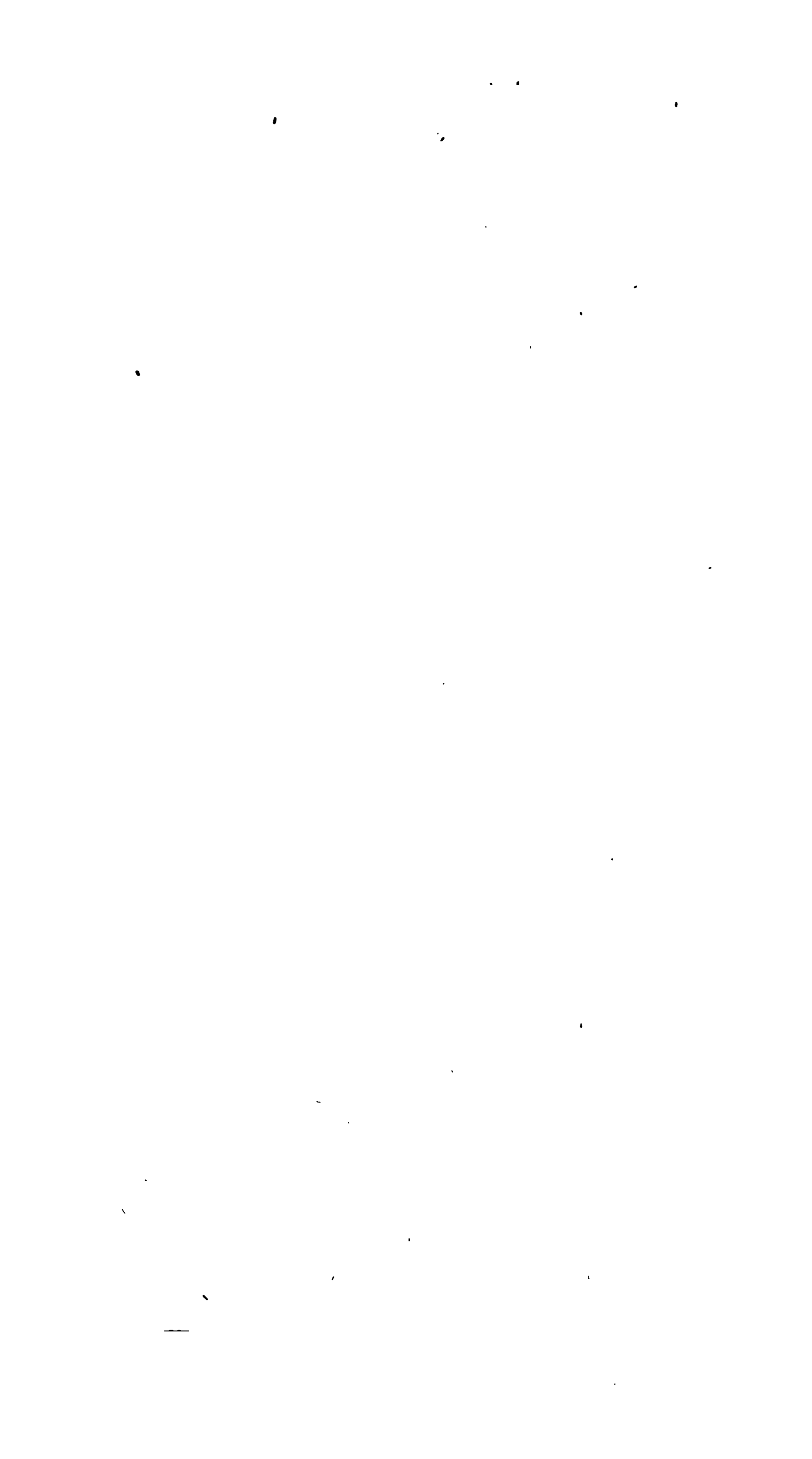
"She was here yesterday" observed one of the turnkeys; "and when she was gone, I heard him say—'she was the only friend he had in the whole world!'"

She buried him in his mother's grave!—and a blue slate slab has simply this record——

HARRY O'REARDON,

ÆT. 39.

THE OLD EAGLE.



THE OLD EAGLE.

The sun was sinking behind a mimic forest of mingled oak and elm, whose foliage was beautifully varied, at intervals, by a beech or larch—still more rarely by a dark green holly tree of magnificent growth. The wood upon which I looked had the advantage of being planted on the brow and declivity of an extent of rising ground which deepened into a verdant valley. The clustering plantations formed a perfect crescent, shading the beautiful vale completely from the northern and eastern winds, and leaving an opening for the soft southern breezes to breathe upon one of the most cultivated scenes it has ever been my lot to visit in Ireland—where art and care have done so little, and Nature so much.

The principal object in the valley was a straggling picturesque building, which had been commenced

in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and remained to be finished during the dynasty of William the Fourth. A Gothic tower—a Roman arch—a steeple—a cottage front—an Ionic column—and half-a-dozen other classes of architecture, that would both puzzle and horrify Sir Christopher Wren, if he could arise from his grave—were "combined without combination." Some portions of the building were overgrown with ivy, and the most luxuriant creepers clung, and twisted, and formed a fantastic garnishing from wall to wall, as if in mockery of the old house of Ballydunlawn. A colony of rooks had taken absolute possession of the tower's turrets; and very appropriate they looked, particularly in the evening, when, after their predatory excursions to the adjacent farms, they curved and whirled in the air over their ancient domicile for full twenty minutes before returning to their nests.

To the left of this multitudinous mass was a broad clear lake, studded with what might pass, amongst those who knew no better, for volcanic islands, composed as they were of stones of various hues, piled without regard to any species of arrangement, and too closely united to serve as habitations for the water fowl. Luckily for the picturesque effect of the lake, wild flowers, and lichens

of various hues, were creeping over the stones; and one island appeared a perfect pile of many-tinted gold, for it was completely covered by wall flowers. There they had increased and multiplied (to use the extensive phraseology of the gardener) "since the world was a world;" and certainly I never saw any sight so gorgeously beautiful. All the perfumes of Araby seemed to breathe over the placid surface of that gentle lake as the breeze came—now richly freighted—and now not so heavily borne down by the delicious odours of the golden island. I have sate on the bank, and could positively count the passing across my cheek of each gentle gale, from the fading—then renewing—then fading—then renewing perfume. It was all too exquisite to sit beneath the shade of a delicate Persian lilac that grew thereon—delicate even in its widely extending and towering height—and see the sun sinking gradually behind that forest hill, bidding a glorious good-night to the world in which we dwell, and leaving the sweet assurance with every tree and flower, and bird and bee, that after the dewy night he would again bless and invigorate them by his presence—then to gaze upon the lake looking so bright and natural in its grotesque green girdle. Do what we will with the "watery world" we can

neither change its aspect nor its quality; it will not be moulded or adorned like the earth; nor will it assume the fantasies of fire at our pleasure—it is ever, from the lake to the ocean, "great, glorious, and free," paying its only tribute to the Almighty for the mysterious power He bestowed upon it, by reflecting his everlasting skies on its surface!—Directly above the bank, the branches of my favourite lilac cross each other; and in doing so, form a sort of vista, which is terminated by the turrets of the castle; most probably the oldest portion of the incongruous building. Over those turrets the rooks are sporting with rather more gaiety than befits the character of such "ancient gentlemen." Would that I could understand their language!—"caw! caw!" though it be, it has its varieties of sound, its different intonations, from the deep toned "caw" of some gray headed senator, to the flippant observation of the yearling bird, anxious to be heard and known amongst his fellows. It is curious to note the order with which, after their day's rambling, they arrive at their residence, preceded by the advanced guard, followed closely on the wing by the centre, and brought up in a style that would not discredit the generalship of his Grace of Wellington. I believe rooks, from time immemo-

rial, have been considered a republic; if so, it is a republic admitting of no radicalism. Depend upon it, rooks are all high Conservatives; their laws are too wise to admit of alteration; they labour unceasingly to keep up the dignity of Church and State, and uniformly patronise old castles, and the trees and turrets of every bishop's residence in the three kingdoms—their nests descend from father to son; and if by chance a spirit of appropriation enter into the noddle of some cunning yet half-witted bird, and he steal a single stick from his grand uncle, or grand aunt rook, observe his punishment—why all the senators draw bills upon him immediately, and he dare not so much as defend the fabric he and his wife intended to call their own, from spoliation; every stick is torn from his nest, and he is done unto as he wanted to do to others.

The rooks had all arrived, and were whirling in the air, some few only having alighted on the castle walls, to relieve the sentries, or inquire after the health of such as were either too old or too young to accompany them in their day's search after health and independence. The water fowl were dimpling the lake in a thousand places—now diving after a silly fish, then darting at some of those

animated gems whose birth is ushered by the rising sun, and who die with the setting of the same.

Suddenly I heard the huntsman's horn—"Tira la! tira la!" Nothing could have exceeded the tranquillity of the last hour. The "caw" of the rooks, at its proper time, tells of the quiet of earth; for only at such hours do they congregate in the air. But the hunting music burst upon my ear just as—(such is human nature!)—I had almost wearied of the surrounding stillness. Right merrily it came —at first from beyond the tallest trees—then as if the woods had wild voices of their own, and every trunk were animate with life—then nearer—and then, without heeding the regular boundaries of the avenue, men, horses, and dogs came sweeping down the glen, to the wide space fronting the entrance of Ballydunlawn. It was a wild and spirit stirring sight. One of the gentlemen had fastened the fox's brush—(or, as a Cockney friend of mine irreverently called it, the fox's *tail.* Heard ye ever the like, O sons of Nimrod!—a fox's *tail!*)—in his hat, which waved, not ungracefully, over his shoulder. The old huntsman and the whippers-in appeared in high spirits; and the party, to judge from the alacrity with which they sprang off their high mettled

horses, and then bounded into the great entrance hall, were not at all fatigued by the day's sport. Every Irish hunt, be it known to you, gentle English reader, has its attendant fool. I mean no disrespect to my giddy pated countrymen; but really I never could discover much wisdom in a hunting party, and cannot but admit that it would be sadly at a loss to find a resting place amongst them. For all that, I do not exactly mean to place the cap and bells on *all* the heads of the hunters; only to repeat that every Irish hunt has its attendant fool—a sort of privileged jester—a "Wamba," favoured by all the "Cedrics" as well as the "Gurths" of the family. I looked amongst the crowd in vain for Dominick. The horses and dogs were diverging towards their stables and kennels, leaving only a few stragglers on the lawn—beggars chiefly, who "follow the hunt" from the well founded expectation of feasting off the scraps of the concluding feast. I could not see Dominick any where, and I began to fear that some harm had happened to the poor creature, when I heard the shrill braying of his donkey in the wood. The bray was answered by a shout of laughter from the grooms. At last I perceived him diverging from a thicket, in any thing but a straight line. However Dominick

might feel disposed, it was evident that old Fanny, notwithstanding her amiable name, would only go her own way—it was, I confess the truth, her usual habit. Her ears, as Dominick said afterwards, "had been *stivered* for wickedness all day;" and instead of going, as the fool appeared to wish, towards the servants' offices, Dominick and his donkey, or, to write correctly, the donkey and Dominick, made towards the bank where I had been sitting.

Nothing could be more grotesque than their appearance. Fanny's long flexible ears were adorned by bunches of many coloured feathers, and the saddle was hung round with bits of tin, broken scollop shells, long tufts composed of scarlet and green worsted, and a few old hawk's bells, which jingled and tinkled as they drew near the lake. My hero rode without stirrups, and hinted his wishes to his Dapple by poking his heels (round which were wound a wreath of hawthorn) into her sides. His jacket was faded scarlet, and his ill fitting trowsers were braced over it with pieces of green and blue ribbon; from the top of a conical cap, formed of gray rabbit skin, flowed a purple and yellow pennon; and his long arms embraced what appeared to me a hen coop.

"She takes advantage of me, so she does, me lady," he exclaimed, while letting the coop fall on the sward, and flinging himself off his donkey the next moment—"She takes advantage of me, so she does, as the Kilkenny cat said when she was eat to the tail. She knew I couldn't show my skill on her, with that devil of a coop; the curse of Crom'elf on it!"

"Dominick! Dominick! did not I promise you a shilling if you would not swear for a week?"

"And didn't I tell you, me lady, I couldn't promise you not to swear? What other comfort have I in the wide world, since the masther cut me off to one glass of whiskey a day? I wouldn't mislead your honour for Fann's ears full of diamonds; and so I can't promise not to swear."

"Were you in at the death, Dominick?"

"The death!—is it the death? No; nor the life either. Sure Masther Alfred nabbed me, as if I wasn't prime to follow the hunt. Hurroo! hurroo! Tally-ho, ye devils!"

"Hush, Dominick, you must not swear."

"Blessed Almighty!—can't you do as the ould masther above used to do, long ago?—can't ye *let on* niver to hear what doesn't plase you? He always *sid* it hindered him of a dale of trouble."

I knew that Dominick alluded to an old gentleman who had died a few weeks previously in the neighbourhood, worn down by habitual drunkenness—one "too proud to beg, too proud to work," whose life had been a chronicle of Irish failings, and whose death, awful as it was, was likely to be soon forgotten.

"Hindered him of trouble at the time; but what did it bring him at the end?" I inquired, forgetting the creature I addressed was supposed to be devoid of reason.

"The pit hole, and the could clay, and the dirty worms for the body—and for what the priest be always talking about—the sowl, you know," he said, lowering his voice, and gathering his brows over his eyes, "the *sowl*, you know—you, that has the skill and the learning, *tell me, what for that?*"

There was an awfulness in the question that fairly startled me, and glad I was to perceive the fine animated youth, "Masther Alfred," coming to my assistance.

"Well, Nick—have you got him safe?" he breathlessly inquired.

"Ay, Masther—safe enough in the coop."

"Nick, what shall we do with him?"

"Eh—eh?" laughed Dominick, with his grow'

ing grin. "A fool 'ud ha' thought a' that afore he brought him—but a wise man!—you'll be a counshilor, Masther Alfred."

"*Cousin*, can *you* tell me?"—the term cousin was never applied to me but when Alfred got into a scrape, and wanted me get him out of it.

"Cousin mine,"—I replied, laughing; "how can I tell, without knowing what you have in that dirty looking prison?"

"Oh! you don't know—guess!"

"A fox!"

"No—thank you—we killed that."

"You need not thank me, Alfred; I would not have killed it."

"What would you have done with it, then?"

"Let it go."

"That is so foolish—so like a woman."

"Thank *you*, now, young gentleman. Boys are certainly a horrid invention, particularly between the ages of fourteen and twenty."

"Boys!" repeated Alfred contemptuously (he was just seventeen;) "boys, indeed! I'd have you to know——"

"What's in the coop?"

"Why, your friends the rooks have been telling you this half-hour." I looked up, and certainly a

dense mass of those dark birds had congregated about twenty feet above the coop, and were cawing in a shrill bitter tone.

"And Fanny told you by the way she walked," chimed in Dominick. "She didn't go as she does whin she has only sich a beautiful boy as meself to carry."

Alfred opened the fastening, and there I saw a noble old eagle—a fishing eagle—osprey, I believe, is its proper name. A leather thong had been passed across his breast under his wings; and his thick, bare, yellow legs were tied with a strong cord. He lay, thus shackled, on his back; and though I confess my lamentations were loud at thus fettering the lord of the air, when I observed his flashing eye, and the determination with which he clenched his talons whenever a hand approached him, I felt that our safety lay in his chains.

"What a glorious bird, Alfred!" I exclaimed; "did you catch him?"

"Catch him!" repeated the boy, surveying his prize; "no, cousin, I never to say *caught* an eagle yet. I have tried, though; and I helped to tie up that old fellow before I gave him in charge to Dominick to bring here."

"Where did you get him, then?"

"Why, I'll tell you, if you'll have patience to listen, and don't laugh; but I know there is one part of it you will not laugh at. I was fully mounted; but, I say, if you had only seen the bay mare—'pon my honour, she'd go over any thing—any thing in Ireland—and the colonel said so."

"Over the Tower of Hook, or the Rock of Cashel, Alfred?"

"Ah, be quiet, now—any thing in reason. I hate to talk to you, you are so precise and English, to the very letter, in every thing."

"Not exactly," I replied, half blushing at a compliment I did not deserve.

"But the eagle, Alfred?"

"Well, I was on the bay mare, and had got on my new cap. Did you see my hunting cap?"

"If you have again mounted the mare in all your finery, I shall never hear about the eagle, Alfred."

"Ah, bother! you put me out so. Well then, you know there was an auction at the castle this morning. All the poor old gentleman's furniture, and guns, and horses; ay, and even the pictures—the pictures he valued so highly, and used to tell me such beautiful stories about when I was a *very* little boy—all to be sold; and the horrid sheriff's officers! Oh, how I longed to unmuzzle Banquo at

them, and hunt them up the mountains! Do you know, Frank Ryley said it was better fun hunting a gauger, long ago, than a fox."

"For shame, Alfred; Frank Ryley does you no good."

"Oh, there can be no harm in his saying that now, because the spirit's all out of the country—quite gone. Ever since new laws and regulations have been made, there is no fun in any thing. Well, I stopped the bay mare; she did not like it though, she is so fond of the hounds. Tally-ho! after them! Would it do to call a mare Lightning, cousin? I thought I would ask you—Lightning sounds so well, don't it? Frank, bring out Lightning!"

"Go on with your story, Alfred; if you mount the mare again and flourish your whip so, you will never have done."

"I beg your pardon; I *dismounted*, and went into the old gallery; there they were selling the pictures, and a whole parcel of country rascals and blackguard shopkeepers lying across the embroidered sofas that the old gentleman told me many a time were worked by his great aunt the duchess he was so fond of talking about. The picture selling was one by Sir Peter Lely—the very same duch-

ess. A little hole had been poked in her side, at the time of the rebellion; but never mind that, it's a beautiful picture."

"'I'll have that picture,' said the wife of a whiskey seller at Coolduff; 'it's the very moral of our Peg. I'll have that picture any way, if I *do* pay for it, though its masther never paid me for the hundred gallons and more of the rale Cork, which he got out of my bran new cask.'

"'Mrs. Casey, ma'am, you forget though, so you do, that it was his honour's father's custom and his own that was the making of you all; and if you hadn't the dirty drop in you, it's not forgetting it you'd be, though he might owe you of money a trifle when he died,' said a stranger, a very old man, who was wrapped in a blue frieze coat, and kept his hat slouched over his face.

"'Yourself's packing your pickings neatly for all that,' continued the woman between the biddings, which were interrupted every moment by the rude wit of strangers, or the less frequent, but heart rending lamentations of some few who remembered their old friend and protector in the days of his prosperity. 'I'm thinking you got them chape,' she added.

"'If I paid a hundred guineas in heavy goold, I

should think any thing *he* regarded cheap,' replied the honest hearted fellow, who was about quitting the room, when my naming a larger sum for the beautiful duchess than had as yet been offered arrested his attention. I loved the picture for the sake of the dead, and was resolved to outbid Mrs. Casey. The greasy fat woman looked at me for a moment; then dipping her hand into the depths of her pocket, pulled up a blue worsted sock, or half stocking, whose ancle was secured by a dirty leather thong. She undid the string, and showering on the table a curious mixture of copper, silver, and golden coins, she again looked in my face. 'See there, young 'squire, I've all that to spend as I plase, and bate it if you can.' I laughed, and bid again. We had attracted the attention of the whole room—'Hurroo! for Mrs. Casey and Coolduff,' shouted the raggamuffins. 'Hurra for the ould stock!' replied my aged friend, whirling his staff over his head—'the gentry, the heart's blood of the gentry for ever!'—'Hurroo for Coolduff!—we're indipindent mimbers of the counthry we live in, and I'll prove it!' said a little rascal, a shoemaker, who reads the newspapers to Ballybriggin. As he spoke, he sprang upon a table that had once been handsome, but in a moment my old friend

with the staff pulled him down, and shoved him out of the window; don't look frightened, the window was not very far from the garden: there would have been a grand row but for the officers, and the poor auctioneer bawled for silence until convinced that he himself was the noisiest in the room; the auction proceeded, and the feelings of the *company* remained with the 'young gentleman!'

"Mrs. Casey burst out crying, declared she was unfairly bet, and that she would not spind another halfpenny in the cant—and so the beautiful duchess is mine!"

"Bravo, Alfred!—but did you *pay* for it?"

"Ah, be quiet will you. No, but my father will; and the auctioneer ascertained that. I told my father I would give him Ponto instead, and he said he would take me at my word."

"But the eagle, Alfred?"

"Patience, lady mine: never knew a woman have patience yet. I looked about for the old man in the blue coat—he was gone. I got out of the gallery as quick as I could. 'Ah, sir,' says Michael Murphy, (you remember how faithful Michael was to his poor master,) 'the quality have not the heart to come near the house since the ould gentleman's

gone.' I passed by his study, Michael following at my heels.

"'Don't go in there, Master Alfred,' said the poor fellow—'he died there with his head on my arm, and the door *boulted* to keep out the bailiffs.' 'Mick,' says he, reaching his hand (and it trembling like an aspen) to the table—'Mick,' says he, 'give me a drop to wet my lips, and let it be stronger than the last.'

"Here's a drop, ye'r honour," says I, "but I can't make it no stronger, sir, for it's ten times above proof!"

"It's the could that has entered my heart, then," says he, "and yet Mick it is not as could to the world, as the world is to me; and without a sigh or a moan he died up that minute."

"It was a true word for him," added Mick Murphy, "*but sure even the rats had left the house the week afore.* Do you know," continued the generous hearted boy, "that I gave all my money to Mick—and I felt so odd, that I rushed down the back stairs instead of the front—and there, directly opposite the coach house door, was Brilliant, the eagle, chained, in his usual place; and a whole tribe of brats, young and old, with that spla-footed Casey, the whiskey seller's son, at their head, shying

stones at the noble bird. I wish you could have seen how the bird looked at them, and how I exercised my whip on their backs. The glorious fellow! I knew there was no one there to feed him; so I brought him here. I will rivet a silver chain to his leg—and suppose we were to build him an eyrie on the lake? It may be a beautiful eyrie—all of rocks and shells and wild flowers of the mountains and the rivers—and we may crown it with a branch of the glorious cedar—so dark, so grand, and so enduring. Ay, cousin, let us build him an eyrie on the lake!"

"Better let him go," said a deep calm voice from behind Dominick.

I turned to seek the speaker, and saw a venerable looking man enfolded in a blue frieze coat, one hand resting on a staff, while the other was occupied in removing his hat. I never saw age in such green yet reverend beauty; his eye was blue and clear; there was a tint of health upon his cheek; and yet the perfectly *white* hair fell in thick curls over his shoulders.

"Better let him go, master! he will find himself a better eyrie than you could build."

"Oh, is it you? Why, where did you go to this

morning when I wanted you?" observed the boy, evidently recognising an acquaintance.

"Where I saw you save poor Brilliant from insult, he said, in a better accent than I expected from his appearance. "Do, master, let him go. I have a right to ask the favour; for this very time fifty years I took him from the nest."

"You!"

"Ay, me! The ould gentleman's gone, and I am forgotten; for I've been long in foreign parts; longer than I would have been had I known of his troubles; but I left him wealthy; and when we leave people wealthy, we never think they can be unfortunate."

"We two were boys together; and he had a fancy for an eaglet; and though his body's with corruption, and his house desolate this blessed evening, who ever then gainsaid his wish! Whew! whew! Brilliant! Whew—w—w!" he continued, addressing the captive bird, who showed no symptoms of ferocity towards its ancient acquaintance. He stooped and undid its fastenings. The eagle grasped with its talons the wrist he presented to it, and in a moment was sitting proudly and erect upon the stranger's arm. The rooks, who had flapped

their wings over the royal bird in his captivity, now ascended in a body in the air; still, however, hovering over him; he flapped his brown wings, stretched his neck, and screamed. Away wheeled his insulters to their domicile. Not a rook was to be seen in the air. And I doubt if the boldest of the band poked their beaks beyond the turrets. I was ashamed of my favourites. The old man pointed to them and laughed a scornful laugh. "Like the world! like the world!" was all he muttered, while stroking the eagle's head. But I felt—that old man could have taught me much wisdom.

"Let him go," he persisted, "for nearly half a century he was fed by *his* hand. He knew the place, and loved his master. His master is dead; the place desolate! Let the bird return to his nature; he will remember his hatching nest; with you he will be fierce and furious. You cannot tame him now."

"He has forgotten his home amid the crags," said Alfred.

Again that old man laughed. "No, no! 'tisn't nature; try him; he'll wing over the tallest trees yonder for the desolate Saltees. Let me throw him up!"

"Ay, do!" said Alfred.

The stranger cast him in the air. Once, twice, the bird wheeled round his head, and then, as if perfectly conscious that his liberty had been restored to him by the hand which once deprived him of that blessing—he rose majestically upwards and upwards, and then, when looking to our unassisted eyes hardly bigger than a wren, he darted off in the direction of the wild and desolate islands which skirt the western coast of Ireland. I looked, when my gaze was withdrawn from the sky, for the blue coated stranger; but he had disappeared with 'The Old Eagle.'

APR 25 1941